THE MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. — JUNE, 1869. — No. 6.

A THURSDAY LECTURE,

DELIVERED AT THE FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

As the subject of this lecture, let there be taken one of the steps in the grand argument of St. Paul, in the eighth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans.

"The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him, who hath subjected the same in hope."

There have been theologians who have done their best to ignore not only this text, but also the fact which it asserts; and who have asked almost in so many words, "Is it not more proper and pious to argue from the pleasures rather than from the pains of life?"

But then the world is not all pleasure: for it is trouble also, and intentional trouble. I could not suffer, if I were not made to. It is painful clay that man is made of. And the earth itself is sorrowful to be in; for there is no living in it, but by hard labor. And then if man lives by the air he draws, he dies by it too; for he is created to grow old, as surely as to grow up. And, also, the very earth may be regarded as groaning and travailing in pain, looking sad in many a wilderness, and showing herself poor in many a barren district, and

shrieking aloud in tempests, and mourning along with the sea unceasingly.

This is the nature of the world; yet there are persons, who hardly like to allow it. They will show you the use of storms in clearing the atmosphere: they will have you understand that pain warns you to take care of your body, as there is something going wrong in it. And the nature of the world is very good, they say. And so it is, no doubt; but not because they see it. The air might have been made, so as neither to make or need storms. And our bodies need not ever have been painful, but might have been so as to have kept healthy, and as though always young.

God sees that all things are very good: but I do not see it, though I do believe it. And I think it is not only a silly thing, but irreligious too, when a man professes to see and show that the world is good, and as plainly so, as if it had been some piece of furniture, made exactly after his own wish and orders. This man's piety is only euphuism, a complimenting God on his goodness. There was more religiousness in the tears, which the Scythians used to weep when a child was born, and in what the Mexican father used to say at the first sight of his child — "Child, thou art come into the world to suffer. Endure, and hold thy peace."

But does not Christianity tell us, that all things work together for good, for those that love God? Paul tells us so; and Christianity will enable us to feel it; but see it, we do not and cannot. But has not God made the world for us to be happy in? But then so few men, so very few are quite happy in it. But is it not because of their own faults? and as good Christians would they not be happy? The better Christians, the less certainly happy, perhaps. For what is discipleship with Christ? Is it not to have the same spirit with him? Is it not to have in us the mind of a man of sorrows, and one acquainted with grief?

But in the Bible, is it not said of wisdom that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace? It is said so in a Hebrew book of Proverbs, and in some sense it is true. But truer still is what Christ says, that himself he

did not come to send peace into the world, but a sword; and that if a man would follow him, he must first be willing to be crucified.

Must not we then think and say with the poet —

"O happiness, our being's end and aim!"

If we think it, we must not strengthen our thought by speaking it. For let happiness be any one's aim, and he will certainly miss of it. And as to happiness being the end of this life, it is not; it may be something of the end, but is not the whole of it. Happiness is not the end of this life, for so few people get it; and they who do, do not gain it, do not conquer it, do not have it by attempting it, but find that it grows in them without their thinking.

But says some one, "I may make it my happiness to do the will of God." Now no man ever does do the will of God, who purposes doing it, for the pleasure of it. A man does not even know what God is, who can say, "Now I will love God and so be happy." Be happy that way, will he; be happy at once by loving God? He cannot be. For what is it, to begin loving God? It is to love what makes a man ashamed of all his past life. And is this happiness? Oh no! A man cannot begin the love of God for the sake of the mere happiness of it. Because for a man to know God, is for him to know of justice so perfect, as convinces him of sin in every transaction of his life; it is to know of a love that makes his heart in him feel as though it has been all bitterness and envy, and uncharitableness; and it is to know of a holiness, such as makes him loathe his past life, like an abomination. The service of Bacchus or Venus, a heathen might begin for the pleasure of it. And surely he is something of a heathen still, who thinks to take to the thought of God, only or chiefly for the delight of it. A man turns to God — turns towards God; then he turns from something else; and the shameful recollection of that something will break his heart nearly, if it be the true God he is turning to. Always the first sacrifice to God is a broken and a contrite heart. And it is never with pleasure, nor for the sake of pleasure, that a man's heart breaks.

No! let pleasure be ever so refined, be religious even, yet it is not all — nor the excellence of the end which man was made for; nor is it what he can live for worthily. To be loved at all, righteousness must be loved, as being right, and not as being pleasant. If happiness is our great end, and is to be our guiding purpose in life, then there is no doubt, but the world is wrongly made for us; because it is plain, we might have been a hundred times happier than we are. The laws of nature only a little other than they are, only a little otherwise proportioned, and it might always have been sweet summer-time with us and luscious plenty. Then if the world had been as comfortable as this, there would have been fewer temptations in it than there are now, fewer occasions for jealousy and covetousness and strife. And with a little change in our spiritual nature, good habits might have been instinctive with us, and we might have been easily and by nature what we are now so hardly, just and holy. And we might have been made so as that we could not have helped but worship God Most High, and love everybody about us.

The bee builds its cells mathematically and without any teaching, and knows what flowers to look into for honey, without any showing. The woodpecker, at a month old, lives by knowing the habits of insects, and the swallow at two months old, can find its way across sea and land. And man might have been created, so as that there should have grown in him of itself, all the knowledge he has now: and as a bee with flowers, so man might have known the use of every herb by the look of it, and of every law of nature by the feel of it. It might have been as instinctive in us to love one another, as it is in sheep to flock together; and hymns might have been as natural to us, as singing is to birds.

Very easily we might have been made happier creatures than we are. Ours might have been all the pleasure which there is in knowledge, all the delight there is in love and worship, and all the enjoyment of a happy world about us. Happy creatures, we might have been so easily; happy every way. Then why are we not? Because we have not been made to be certainly and all of us happy by pleasure. We

have been made for virtue; or rather, we have been created for moral choice; but it is we ourselves, who have to make it.

The mere happiness of virtue might easily have been made ours: but we have been created for something else than the mere enjoyment even of goodness. All that we do and feel virtuously we might have done by nature, and so as not to have been able to have helped it. Every animal has his way of life to live by; and man might have had his; and it might have been not only comfortable, but generous and just and pure and devout. And by this right way of life, man might have lived as unerringly as the bee does by its instincts for industry and community and loyalty. But then man would have been only a better animal, a creature to be reckoned along with the beaver, the deer, and the elephant. If we could not have helped but be kind and just, and pure, and industrious, and devout; then ours might have been the pleasure of goodness, but not the excellence of it. The love that could not have chosen to hate, would have been an instinct, but no virtue. It is no loyalty in the bee, that it is so orderly in the hive: no courage in the lion, that he walks the desert so fearlessly: it is no prudence in the swallow, that it flies the country in September; and it is no mercy in the sheep, that it is never cruel. Instinct is curious and wonderful, but it is not virtuous. It may be altogether happy, but it is without merit. The end of life then is not happiness, but virtue; and not the happiness of virtue, but its holy choice.

To hunger and thirst after pleasure is bad; and so it is to long after righteousness, for the sake of the pleasure of it. We must not be thinking that this world is a place to be happy in, and that virtue will make it so.

Perhaps beasts are happier than we men are. And in this life, there is perhaps as much enjoyment of vice as there is of virtue. And very certainly goodness is not the happier, the better it grows. Ecclesiastes says, the increase of knowledge is the increase of sorrow; and so is the increase of virtue. For the higher a man's aims, the smaller feel his achievements. And the better he becomes, the more do his friendly sympathies turn to anxiety and pity. Mont Blanc is nigher

heaven than the green, warm, peopled valley is; it towers up sublimely with its top, but it is into the cold and silent sky. To be quite in heaven, may be very happy for the soul; but the simple rise above the world is often very sorrowful.

In this world, goodness is not always pleasure; and very often it is not; and is meant not to be. If to be good were to be happy at once and always, who is there that would not be good? And what a poor virtue that would be, which selfishness itself could take to!

Goodness is not good, because it is pleasant, but because it is right. But in the long, long experience of it, is it not happy? Yes; but still it is not good simply because it is pleasant for ever and ever, but because it is right, and like the everlasting God.

"Honesty is the best policy," is a proverb; and it is quite in the strain of what is morals and religion with many men. And so when knavery proves the better policy for a while, their hearts fail them, as though they were on the losing side in the world. And when a bad man enjoys himself as much as a good man, they begin to feel as though badness were not so very bad, and goodness not so very good. And when a virtuous action turns to trouble with them, they think they have been rashly righteous; and they determine that they will be more prudent for the future, and never go such lengths, as God cannot follow with his blessing on, at once. They were created to be happy in the world, they think, and to live holily and prosperously all their lives. They are for virtue and happiness, both. And so they live respectably, very respectably, but not madly good; not they. They worship the Deity; they do, but it is almost only as the great fountain of happiness. And so they glory in God himself as though he were simply the superior of Mammon.

It is a moral rule often taught, that we are to be good in order to be happy. But it is far nobler, when a man resolves with himself, that happy or wretched he will be good. Virtue is virtue, and not a mere something which God has invented for men to get at pleasure by. Bad men have their pleasures as well as good men; and there have been whole tribes of

men, who have been happy enough, almost without a virtue to live by. Pleasure is not a something which God lets the good man feel, and the bad man not: it is more like rain, which falls both on the just and the unjust. Enjoyment is not a sweet dropped here and there, into a good man's cup of life: it is much more like the sun, that shines on the evil and the good alike; and the warmth of which, a good man as often misses of, as a bad man does.

This is plain enough to be seen; and yet there is effort against believing it. God let the wicked have pleasure at all! Why, he lets them live, and walk and breathe, and have the sun shine on them. Wicked I must not be; for I am forbidden: but am I none the surer of pleasure for being good? Perhaps you would have been much surer of it, had you been created a beast of the field. You are better than a beast; and so should be asking after something better than pleasure. Do I deny that always virtue is pleasure? As a mortal I should deny it; but as an immortal, I believe it. Virtue is certain happiness, not for the creatures of threescore years and ten, but for the children of him, with whom a thousand years are as one day.

Not in this life then, but in another life, and after many ages perhaps, I shall be happy, certainly happy, and altogether happy. And so you will be: and if you will hope for happiness in that spirit of faith, you will be none the worse for longing for pleasure, only you will not have hoped that way long, before you will feel that the faith itself is better than its object. And soon you will cease counting upon pleasure, and you will rest in faith.

Happy! It is because this world is not happy, that it is so mysterious and hopeful. Oh, this world is much less pleasant than it might have been. It might have been a sweet place for living in, and been so, so easily! It might; but as it is, it is a worthier scene. Oh, man might have been housed and fed and clothed and warmed so luxuriously. And every way, it might have been a pleasant life with him. A gay life, but less hopeful! It is less agreeable than it might have been; it is made to be so; it is even subjected to vanity, but

it is in hope. The world is what it is, for the sake of what man may become in it.

If the earth were a lap of luxury, man would lie down in it, and be luxurious. But now that the earth is a cold, hard surface, man stands upright on it, and is energetic. It might have been that houses should have appeared for man at his wanting, but then he would have lived in them so carelessly. But as it is, man has to make his own house, and to make it with much work, and many failures; but in building it, he grows ingenious and thoughtful; and by the time the house is finished, man is in a mind to live in it, orderly and thoughtfully and devoutly. Man might have been made of healthier flesh than he is, and so as never to have been diseased or pained: but then it would have been, as though he had lived by strength of his own; and it is by his strength leaving him, by his being like a creek left dry by the ebb of the ocean; it is in this way, that a man comes to feel himself living in God. There are many troubles in the world, which man might well have been without; but which perhaps he would not have feared without. And it is better for him to fear almost anything rather than nothing. Man might have been made never to have known of death; but then his nature would never have been touched by the great awe of it. Oh, very, very comfortable, life might have been; but then it would never have been sublime. So pleasant the world might have been, as that every man in it would have had his wish. A sweet spot to live in, it might have been. But it is nobler now as a place wherein to suffer, and to be patient and kind and forgiving. Oh, there is not a spot anywhere, but may be more divine than Paradise would ever have felt. Milton tells us of the garden of Eden, and of the river in it, that

> —"Under pendent shades,
> Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
> Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art,
> In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
> Poured forth profuse, on hill, and dale, and plain.
> . . . . . Thus was this place
> A happy, rural seat of various view;

Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balms,
Others, whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperion fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them, lawns or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley, spread her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves,
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply: airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring."

And now this state, which the world once was, or might have been, has been subjected to vanity, to decay, and hardship, and gloom. It is a world grown sad, we live in: yet it is not a world, which has darkened of itself or by ill chance; for it has been clouded from on high. Our first parents had Eden to live in, and

"Under a tuft of shade, that on a green,
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labor, than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy."

Since that sweet time, life has grown harder. So it has; but also more divinely hopeful. To live now is work and not pleasure; but if it is work, it is also energy and endurance. It is often a hard thing now to live: but if it is hardship, it may be courage also. Often it is a sorrowful thing to live; but sorrow for this life, is genial faith as to the life which is to come. Yes! it is for a purpose, that life has been saddened.

Joyous altogether it might have been; but it has been made otherwise.

With many persons, it is as though they thought that the world is as good as it could be made, as beautiful and as comfortable; and that now it is for them to make their best out of it. "It is a good world and a happy world," say they, "and we must be contented with it." It is very proper they should be contented; and it would be very silly, if they were not; for their world cannot be helped; cannot be bettered for them by either men or angels. Were the world a thousand times worse than it is, we should have to be contented with it; for to be discontented with the world, would be to be dissatisfied with God, and be mere idiocy. But there is a nobler spirit than the merely contented. Resignation is contentment and something more. And hope is something nobler still. "These are the comforts of my life, and I will be contented with them." This is well; but it is better still when a man says, "These are the sorrows of my life; but oh, there is a use in them, which is divine, and which is working in me."

It is reckoned a courageous thing in the ancient stoic that he hardened himself, so as not to feel suffering. But it is a far braver thing for a man to keep himself tender in spirit, and wear a crown of thorns the while. And sometimes it is reckoned proper and devout to ignore the miseries of life, and to feel as though there were none. But it is far more religious to say of them, "These are the strange works of God; but the grand meaning of them I am yet to know of." There are some persons who would have us think that misery is not so very wretched, because it is so very common. "You are in pain: ay! it is what we all have to undergo in our turn: so you must be patient. You have lost your friend: well, it is a trouble; but you must not think so much about it; for we have all of us to lose our friends; and we have to die ourselves some time. Your state is very wretched; but still you are not so much worse off than many other persons." Now all this is very wicked comfort: it is what a man is the worse for taking. "Ah, well, if I have my troubles, some of my

neighbors have worse: and I am better off than they are, still." Why this is making the grace of God, of none effect. This is growing proud on humbling considerations. This is being afflicted without being chastened. It is better to be mad with fright than feel so: better far to suffer and be dumb. You are in trouble: it is not for you to be comforting yourself with being better off still than some of your neighbors: but rightly, through your sorrow, it is for you to feel yourself akin to mourners and sufferers everywhere. Your sorrow is the subjection of your nature: and so you are to think of it. It is what makes you human; makes you one of the great brotherhood of sufferers. Your misery is not yours only; it is for your friends to pity. And their troubles ought to feel something like your own. As a mourner, you are to feel yourself suffering from your human nature, and not simply from this pain or the other loss.

You look at other men's troubles: they are greater than yours, and so you feel yourself relieved; or they are less than yours, and so you feel envious, if not aggrieved. This is quite wrong. Others are sufferers and weep: it is for you to weep with them: and your own sorrows are to teach you how. Pain and want and bereavement and wrong, these are not mere accidents that happen to us: they are the sadness of our nature. I do not mourn alone, but along with millions: and whatever my sorrow is, thousands and myriads have it. In the season when I am ill, millions decay: and any day when I think of death, all men are a day nearer to it. This is a way of sorrowing, that easily grows sublime; and is very different from the feeling of a man angry or bitter at the upsetting of his private cup of happiness.

Nor is it that we are sufferers in a world altogether happy. In the book of Genesis, it is said that the ground was cursed for man's sake; and from St. Paul we learn that it is not man only that is subject to vanity, but the creature, the creation, all nature. Animals suffer though not nearly as much as man perhaps; yet they do suffer, and not for any good for themselves that we can see. An animal is pained or famished; but it is none the better for its sufferings, that we

know of: nor is any other beast the wiser for its example. This is something to think of. Animals suffer as well as we do. Then we are none the surer of a hereafter, merely because we are sufferers here. But a right spirit grows strangely hopeful in long troubles. It is not our afflictions, but what right spirit they awake in us, that is evidence for us of heavenly things not seen.

Still why have animals to suffer? A poor beast in pain from old age; the shriek of a sparrow chased by a hawk; birds that have died of want in a long frost: these are things that make a man serious, to think of. And this is one reason of their being, perhaps. Oh the many, many things about us, there are, of which we do not know the meaning! They are mysteries; and we cannot help thinking that they are to burst into wonders some time. Now this is the very feeling, in which we ought to be living, about ourselves. The dark things of the world! the more reverently we think about them, the more rightly we shall feel about ourselves.

The Creation suffers just as we ourselves do; and well for us that it does: because we should grow proud of our misery, if it were our peculiarity. If we were the only sufferers in the world, affliction would be too plainly the loving hand of God upon us, and we should grow presumptuous under it. It is as though it were said to us, "Do not be too confident that pain is human martyrdom, and to be crowned with a crown of glory; because it is not in you men only, that there is suffering." So that we cannot know that adversity is prospective blessing, any other way than by the spiritual good of it; by its chastening the heart, and so making it the more readily feel itself immortal.

All nature has been saddened, and for the sake of man, and perhaps only on his account. I am the sadder for the earth I live in. I live by the air I breathe, but also I wear out with it. The sun lights me day by day, and at times so splendidly; yet it is to death, he is lighting me. My nerves weaken with time; and my veins stiffen with the blood that goes through them. The way of my life is that of my death. And good health with me is only a slower kind of dying. I know all

this; and so the sweetest air I draw, is thoughtful breath. And as I am of so frail a make, if I think at all, I cannot but think seriously. And this seriousness of mortality is in all things round us, and to be felt from them. What animals we keep, grow old and die with us. And every moment somewhere, some beast is dragging itself into some hole to die, or is being seized upon for prey. It is sweet to hear the birds sing, but it is not sweet only. The lark, and the blackbird, and the thrush, and the nightingale, and the linnet, and the finch — the song that is from them all, is the same as a thousand years ago: but the birds themselves are never the same two years together. It is sweet to hear them sing in the trees; but they grow old among the leaves and so fast. And the trees themselves grow up to fall; and they spread out, to rot. And pretty as flowers are, they blossom as though only to be gone.

This is the world we live in — everywhere decay, and everywhere renewal out of it. Now what is the feeling which this should make in us? Hope in Death; the sweet sense of living a life in God. Decay and death notwithstanding, nature is as fresh as ever; the grass as green; the flowers as many and as pretty, the woods as thick, the birds as tuneful, the lambs as playful, and the horse as strong. How is all this? There is decay in everything everywhere; yet how is it, that —

> "The world's unwithered countenance
> Is bright as at creation's day"?

It is God; and it is God hinting a meaning for us to understand. Our friends are all mortal, so are all our fellow-men; and all things about us are either decaying or else growing up against decay: and it is the same with ourselves. But when we feel this, and grow serious; then almost of themselves, our hearts grow hopeful: for it is so that their nature is. Yes! the world is saddened, for us to be serious in; because the pensive is so easily the believing spirit. And the more fellow-feeling we have with nature in her decay; the more tenderly we shall trust in life's being to be renewed with us, as surely as it is with her.

The creature has been subjected to vanity; nature has been made perishable, for the sake of our souls. Everything that lives, lives only to die; and we ourselves live against death. And so in anything, the decay we feel, is our own nature. In old trees, and withered flowers, and dying animals, it is the perishableness of my own nature, that I see. And in the melancholy of autumn there is the sense of my own mortality. The world is what it is, for the sake of what it feels to us. It is decaying always, for the sake of solemnizing us dwellers in it. And in these Christian times, as soon as we spirits, we that can think and feel and worship, as soon as we grow serious about this life, readily we grow hopeful of there being another life to come.

The world is what it is, for us to grow in, and to become what we ought to be; glad dependents on God, loyal lovers of his law, and infinite trusters of his providence.

The world limits me about very closely; it is a barrier round about me, against me: it is a check on almost every desire of mine. I am baffled so often and disappointed. And there is nothing whatever in which I have all my wish. I should like to be healthy for life; but I cannot be. I should like to be wiser than I am, much, very much. But my understanding will not enlarge. There are a thousand things, friends, acquaintances, books, opportunities, which I might be the better for, but I cannot have them. There is nothing that happens to me, but might be better than it is. And in my dearest good, there is always a something which I could wish were a little different. In my way of life, in my property, in my friends, in every event that happens to me, and even in what I am myself, it is as though it were said to me, "My will, and not your own." From above me, and from beneath me, and from all about me, it is as though it were said to me every moment by the Almighty, "My will, and not your own." What is pain, then? Patience, it ought to be, quietly waiting God's time. What is poverty? It is God persuading one into the feeling of devout subjection. And what is disappointment? It is God's way of saying, "Better be baffled by your Maker, than succeed by yourself."

In the world as it is, we can live in any spirit we choose. We can live as though there were no God, and soon feel as if there were none; for God does not let himself be so plainly existing, but that we can be blind to him, if we will. Judgment is not done among us in such a way, but that we can doubt its being to be done at all. Often in life, love meets such hard returns, that we can easily believe selfishness to be wisdom, if we wish. Often vice is so tempting, that we can, if we like, think purity not so very great a virtue. And the world is so, that often a good life in it, is a sorrowful life. This is all true. But now all this is the greatness of our nature, the grandeur of our lot, the mystery with us, that promises so much.

This is a world, in which we are let be believers or unbelievers. It is a world for us to be wicked in, if we like, or good, if we choose. It is a world in which pleasure is to be got by being vicious as well as by being virtuous. And therefore it is a world, in which if a man will be good, he must be good for the sake of goodness, and not for the sake of being happy.

The worse the world is, the nobler we can be in it. It is ours to be more generous with others than they are with us; to love more than we are loved: to be juster than what treatment we get; to live in a better spirit than is commonly understood or credited.

The faults and follies of our fellow-men, and from which ourselves we suffer, and by which we are justly provoked to holy indignation, should remind us of patience and charity, because of our being as to sinful liability, "members one of another" for a while, and as long as this mortal life lasts; and because of our being at present, fellow-creatures "subject to vanity."

Goodness must not be, and cannot be loved, only for the pleasure of it. Always more or less, a man must suffer for living by the Spirit of God, and not by the ways of the people about him. In trade, a man must often lose customers by being simply honest with them. And the temptation to dishonesty is larger still in those professions, to succeed in

which a man must be well thought of. There is an easier, quicker way to success than virtue. A man will succeed much the better and earlier in the world, by religiously believing along with the multitude, by abating his conscience a little in politics, by pretending great deference to persons whom he cares nothing at all about, and by using a little trickery in what he has to do and appear. Knavery is sometimes, but nearly always, plausibility, is a great help to a man in making his way in the world. And if a man will not be plausible, but will keep true, he will suffer. A hard thing this is, we think. And yet it is not so hard, for Jesus says, it is to be counted all joy. And so it is. Goodness is not always happiness, and often is anything else but that; the world is so confused, suspicious and mean. Courage then! For this is the very world for us to be in.

It is a hard world, a sorrowful world, an ill-judging world. So it is; but then there is still God to be known of, in it: and he is in it, in such a way, as that we can love him, for his own sake, and not merely for his gifts. O glorious privilege! O precious chance! Ours is an opportunity, which some angels might covet: to live in a darkened world, and still to believe in God; to be chastened of God, and afflicted, and yet to feel him love us; to suffer for righteousness, and not without a sense of being blessed. Oh, but this is what angels might long for as experience!

I am such a sufferer at times, that I am made to cry, "My God, my God!" So many, many things there are in life, which I can only look to God, for the meaning of. Want, bereavement, bad treatment, illness, death; these are things which make a man look up on high, up towards God. And there is hardly a day, but keeps me looking upwards. For ever and ever our look to God must be upwards and upwards. And from out of this world, God can be looked at in no other way. The right temper towards my God, this I am learning now; and I can be made sure of it, if I will only let myself be. This earth is no more than the temporal footstool of the Almighty; but it is ours to kneel on it, and to look upwards, to the face of our Father, in the way we shall have to do, to all eternity.

But there is more doing in us than can possibly be known of in this world. The soul of a Christian is being fashioned and tempered and colored more divinely than it can itself think. We do not and we cannot know all the uses of this life to us. There are ways of thought and feeling growing in us, that will appear only in heaven, and only perhaps slowly, even there.

The preceding thoughts are true, on the spiritual plane, whereon even religious persons mostly live. But just as in climbing a mountain, a man may emerge in a moment from a misty cloud, and be in broad, glorious sunshine; so there are Christian experiences, by which, now and then, one man finds himself so strangely and wonderfully quickened by the Spirit, as that, almost, all things are all joy: and by which another man feels as though sin and death were beneath his feet; his own life, the while, being hid with Christ in God. But for those, who come short of these higher experiences, as so many do, and perhaps most men must, it is comfort, and even it is being "saved by hope" to be enabled effectually to perceive the latent purpose of the surrounding world. "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope."

The grandeur of the assurance, is certain for us from God, through Christ, and by St. Paul. But still it is good to find it worded for us by a poet, who was lately one of ourselves, as being what he had discerned, when in one of his higher moods, that we —

> "Are greater than we know
> As through the world we go."

"As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all; so neither wait thou for applause and shouts and eulogies that thou mayest do well, but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun."

THE following bits of poetry should have come earlier, but were overlooked. We print them now because in Christendom it is always Easter-time, and because with us June is May. E.

EASTER HYMN.

ETERNAL FATHER! at whose word
Creation flashed to instant birth,
Thy will, which gave this body life,
Bids it return to lifeless earth.

But thou didst send that risen Lord,
Who once in Joseph's garden lay,
Burst from the night of transient death,
And called us to immortal day.

In his dear name we ask thy help;
By faith in him, to live and die, —
That, when our bodies sleep in dust,
We may with him ascend on high.

Eternal Father! by thy word
Raise us from sin and death's dark night;
That we may even now, with Christ,
Dwell in the realms of endless light.

H. T.

BIRDS IN MAY.

WHEN the sun early begins morn to awaken,
And his rays, piercing the gloom, scatter the darkness;
While the flowers, children of May, silently open
All their sweets, making the air rich with their fragrance;
And the birds, waking from sleep, warble their matins, —
I arise, throw up the sash, drink in their music,
Till my heart swells with a glad feeling of sympathy.

Merry notes ring through the copse, float o'er the meadow;
Sounds of wild, jubilant joy rise to my window;
Yet the lark, plaintive and sad, joins in the chorus.

As I sit, watching the east glow in the dawning;
As I muse, wrapt in the soft arms of the zephyr;
As I thus, charmed by the birds, silently listen;
Swift the sun raises his brow o'er the horizon,—
Then my ear catches a sound borne from the chamber
Where reposed *my* little birds, two of my children,
Whom the sun, throwing his rays in at their window,
Has aroused, rested by sleep, joyous and prattling.
Ah! what birds warble a song half so enchanting?

H. T.

We are told that Epictetus lived in a cottage of the simplest and even meanest description: it neither needed nor possessed a fastening of any kind; for within it there was no furniture except a lamp and the poor straw pallet on which he slept. About his lamp there was current in antiquity a famous story, to which he himself alludes. As a piece of unwonted luxury, he had purchased a little iron lamp, which burned in front of the images of his household deities. It was the only possession which he had, and a thief stole it. "He will be finely disappointed when he comes again," quietly observed Epictetus, "for he will only find an earthenware lamp next time." At his death the little earthenware lamp was bought by some genuine hero-worshiper for three thousand drachmas. "The purchaser hoped," says the satirical Lucian, "that, if he read philosophy at night by that lamp, he would at once acquire in dreams the wisdom of the admirable old man who once possessed it."

"Pass through the little space of time conformably to nature, and end the journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew. One thing only troubles me,—lest I should do something which the constitution of man does not allow, or in the way which it does not allow, or what it does not allow now."

Marcus Aurelius.

"It is base for one who sweetens that which he drinks with the gifts of bees to imbitter by vice his reason, which is the gift of God."

EGYPT.

A LEAF FROM A TRAVELER'S JOURNAL.

A FRIEND, at our request, kindly allows us to place the following fragment before our readers. We should be glad to know what they make of the "afrit." The explanation of ventriloquism seems to be inadequate. E.

DURING the winter and spring of 1866 and 1867, accompanied by my son and a young German friend, I made a visit to Egypt, passing some time in Cairo, and ascending the Nile in a country boat to the second cataract.

Cairo is probably the most Oriental of Eastern cities. Nowhere else can be found represented such a variety of nations and tribes of Eastern Europe, Asia, and Africa, or such a multitude of strange and fantastic costumes. It always appeared to me as a grand masquerade, and it was difficult to realize that these strange figures were wearing their everyday clothes, and not indulging in a carnival frolic. The contrast to the procession of black coats which we had lately left on the Boulevards was most striking. This remark applies entirely, however, to the men. Cairo could offer nothing half so remarkable as our crinolines and Grecian bends. The few ladies one meets with are in simple attire, with nothing but their dark eyes visible.

Occasionally a wedding procession passes with a band of music, a gayly covered canopy held over the bride, who is so carefully bundled up that imagination as to her charms has full play.

The matrimonial arrangements in Egypt strike a stranger as somewhat odd, to say the least. As young ladies are always kept secluded and veiled in the presence of a man, a gentleman contemplating marriage must act through his mother, sisters, or other female relatives, who bring him reports of various young ladies, as to beauty, fortune, temper, and the like, till he fancies he has found the right one, when

the preliminary arrangements are made by the parents, and the betrothal takes place ; but the lover is not yet allowed to see the lady's face. When the wedding-day arrives, the lady walks in a procession of friends to the bridegroom's house, where he and *his* friends await her : he leads her into a private room, lifts the veil, and looks on her face for the first time. If pleased with her appearance, he so informs the company, and the marriage is celebrated amid great rejoicings ; but, should he not like the young woman's looks, he sends her home again.

Only men of high position or great wealth, as a general rule, indulge in more than one wife at a time ; but divorces are easy and common, depending entirely on the will of the husband. I heard of one gentleman at Cairo who had divorced twenty-six wives ; but such wholesale business as this is not generally approved. A divorced wife is entitled to six months' maintenance, that being considered time enough to get another husband. A couple once divorced cannot remarry unless the lady in the mean time has been married to another man, lived with him for a time, and is again free. To get over this, a friend is called in, who marries the lady, and, after a few days, divorces her : but this, I was told, is dangerous ; as the friend becomes sometimes so fond of his *pro-tempore* wife that he will not give her up.

The ruins of the great temple at Karnak cover a space of about fifty acres. Headless sphinxes, broken columns, shattered obelisks, and mutilated statues, strew the ground in every direction. But the great hall is still tolerably perfect ; many of its one hundred and thirty-six huge columns retain their position, and support portions of the massive roof. How glorious it must have been with its starry ceiling, its brilliantly colored walls, and altars of alabaster, all at once so grand and so beautiful !

It is impossible, while looking at the more ancient paintings and sculptures in the tombs and temples, often as fresh as if finished yesterday, giving the events of everyday life, and a life in many respects so like our own, to realize that these were the works of a people who lived before that shadowy

period, when, according to Greek mythology, Hercules performed his labors, and Diana and Venus graced the earth with their presence. Some things in Greek mythology, in fact, were taken directly from the Egyptian customs. Thus we frequently see represented a boat crossing the river, or sacred lake, containing the mummy of a king. A jury awaits its arrival on the other side to determine if his life has been such as to entitle him to burial in the royal sepulchre. According to the Egyptian historians, the ferryman was called Charon. Their religion seemed to me to have contained much that was noble. They evidently believed in a future life, and in accountability for deeds done in this. The popular idea that the Egyptian worshiped cats, birds, and reptiles, is only true, probably, so far as that these were symbols in some of their observances. An intelligent Chinese would gather a strange notion of Christianity with nothing to guide him but the pictures, figures, and votive offerings of the Catholic and Greek Churches.

The popular story that Thebes was encircled by a vast wall with a hundred gates must be a mistake: careful researches have failed to discover any vestiges of such a work. While the temples and other buildings are so wonderfully preserved it is impossible that the walls, with its gates and towers, should have entirely disappeared. Probably the gates that so astonished Greek travelers were the beautiful gateways of the temples, still among the most striking objects in Thebes.

In Rome, the winter before, I had a discussion with Mr. Story as to the propriety of representing Cleopatra in his statue with an Egyptian face. As a descendant of Ptolemy, I imagined her as rather a Greek, as Guido and others represent her. On the wall of the Temple of Dendera, built during her reign, the queen is represented as a middle-aged woman, thoroughly Egyptian in dress and feature. It might be supposed that the artist drew a queen of his own imagining: but opposite stands her son, Cæsarion, with such a wonderful Roman nose, and such a striking likeness to his father, the great Julius, that no one can doubt that *his* portrait, at least,

was taken from life; and, if so, it is very unlikely that Cleopatra's is merely a fancy sketch.

Another representation of her at Erment is much mutilated, but shows Egyptian features, as does a coin in the British Museum. Neither of these represent her as beautiful, but they were probably taken after the short-lived beauty of Egypt had faded.

The slave trade is still carried on pretty extensively in Egypt. We often met boats with slaves on board, mostly children from ten to sixteen years of age, on their way down the river. They sell in the cities of lower Egypt for about a hundred dollars apiece, and are said to be kindly treated, but often suffer greatly from ill treatment while in the hands of the slave-dealers.

A fellow appeared one day on board our boat in Nubia, in a most doleful condition. He had been slave-hunting in Gallas and Dongola, and had a rough time of it, having been robbed, and barely escaped with his life. His only article of clothing was a sort of white night-gown, much the worse for wear. Curtis, in his "Howadji," says that "no one who had been in Egypt would ever again picture angels in white robes;" and this fellow was a living protest against it. He wanted to work his passage down to Cairo; and, as some of my men were sick, I was glad to take him. He was an intelligent, mild-mannered, pleasant-spoken man, and untiring in his religious devotions. He would come up on deck, take a look at the sun, make a mental calculation as to the bearings of Mecca, and prostrate himself. Often the boat would turn round while he was down, and on looking up he would find himself heading for Timbuctoo perhaps: the adroit way in which he scratched round to get right again always amused me. When I lectured him about his profession, he would smile gently, but never could be made to see any harm in it.

I was much interested in the Egyptian boatmen. Physically, they are a fine class of men, and, although eating little but what we should call "slops," are wonderfully strong and enduring, but simple as children, and full of superstitions. They often came to me with ugly wounds in their feet and

legs, received while tracking; and told at once what crime they had committed, that this was sent as a punishment for. But I found the apparent certainty of punishment never prevented their stealing melons again when they got a chance.

One day our boat ran into another lying by the bank, and tore our sail. It was a clear case of carelessness on the part of our pilot; but the sailors accused a man, standing by, of having bewitched it with the evil eye, and raised such a hubbub that the poor fellow was obliged to take to his heels to avoid rough treatment.

One afternoon about sunset a dark cloud gathered in the northwest. Our mizzen was taken in, and the men sent up on the long lateen-yard to hand the foresail, when the squall struck us. The men got down safely, but it was impossible to furl the sail. It was a wild scene; the usually placid river was a sheet of foam; the air so filled with sand and dust that the shore could only be seen at intervals, where the palms were bending almost to the ground, while aloft the great sail was blowing out, slatting and tearing itself to pieces. We ran before the wind for about ten minutes, luckily striking nothing, when the wind fell as suddenly as it had risen. It was now dark; and the boat drifted on to a mud-bank, and stuck fast. The men got overboard, and tried to press her off, but without effect, and got on board again, cold and discouraged. Just then a fire streamed up from the bank a short distance behind us, and immediately there was a prodigious commotion.

It seemed that a santon or hermit lived at this point of the river, and claimed tribute from all boats passing: if paid, he gave them a prosperous voyage, but otherwise inflicted all sorts of misfortunes.

We had gone by without paying; and the squall and running on shore were, according to the boatmen, the holy man's work. Nothing would do but we must all go on shore with presents, and try to propitiate him. Guided by the light, we found ourselves in the presence of a fat, unwholesome-looking old man, squatting before a fire of dried cane. We were told that for twenty years he had neither walked nor washed; the

last, from his appearance, seemed very likely. Our pilot, acting as spokesman, began to tell him that we were travelers, who could not think of passing without stopping to pay our respects. "Don't tell me that," interrupted the old man: "you know you never thought of stopping till you saw what happened to you." The pilot slunk away in terror; but the dragoman adroitly brought forward the goodies we had with us, and laid them temptingly before him. The old fellow tasted and approved, gradually softened, and ended by promising a prosperous voyage. Our men returned on board new creatures, took hold with a will, and soon had the boat afloat again.

There seems to be a universal belief, among the Arabs and Egyptians, in afrit, a species of mischievous imp. Our dragoman, a very intelligent Egyptian, often told stories of the pranks they had played on him in the desert. To him, they were as real as were the numerous American and English gentlemen he had traveled with, and whose wonderful liberality he was never wearied with recounting for my benefit.

One magnificent night, while coming down the river in Nubia, the boat struck heavily on a sand-bar. While working, without any effect, to get her off, we were startled by a shrill laugh, and then a voice from the shore. It "chaffed" and "sassed" in true Marblehead style; but although the sandy shore was not more than a hundred feet from us, and the full moon showed minute objects, nothing could be seen. This continued for about an hour, the voice frequently changing its position, when it told us that it had teased us long enough, and would now let us off. Very soon afterwards the boat floated of herself; though we had quit work, and given up all idea of moving her till morning. All the crew pronounced our visitor an afrit, and certainly it is not easy to say what else it could have been.

Mustapha Aga, a venerable Turk, representing England, Russia, and the United States, at Thebes, is the most hospitable of consuls; and, as he gets no salary from our government, his hospitality to Americans is as disinterested as it is extensive. Everything was done by him to make our visit agree-

able, winding up with a grand dinner, at which the Turkish governor and others were present. The consul lives in the temple at Luxor, a portion of which has been made habitable. The table was circular and very low; and we were obliged to squat on cushions, disposing of our legs as we best could. No plates, knives, or forks, were used. Soup was placed in the middle of the table, and all ate out of the same dish. Then a large slice of bread was placed before each person to serve as a plate. The dinner was most profuse: poultry, fish, game, and a multitude of unknown dishes, ending with a sheep roasted whole. There was no carving; but one of the Turks would seize a bird, and pull off the legs, wings, etc., with great dexterity. Ten times as much food as we could possibly dispose of was thrust before us; and, as nothing was cleared away, a pile of *debris* rose before each of us, such as is rarely seen outside of a pig-pen. When the sheep was brought on, it was attacked by the Aga on one side, and the governor on the other, who pulled out long strips of meat with their fingers, and handed them to the guests. The moment that I was allowed to get up, straighten my legs, and wash, was one of the happiest in my life.

From the dining-room we adjourned to the great entrance-hall of the temple, where coffee and pipes were served, and a large addition made to the company.

Dancing girls in their gay dresses then came in. The picturesque-looking attendants, who had escorted their masters, squatted in groups around the hall, their torches and lanterns lighting up the ancient columns and grotesque figures, while the girls went through their stately and not ungraceful dance. It was one of those scenes to be long remembered.

I was much surprised at the commercial activity and apparent prosperity to be seen in Egypt. The harbor of Alexandria was crowded with vessels, and could scarcely have presented a busier scene in the days of the Ptolemies or of the Roman rule. Immense steamers, four hundred feet long, were loading cotton for Liverpool, and vessels arriving constantly from all parts of the Mediterranean and Levant. On

the Nile, steamers and tugs with long trains of iron freight-barges are rapidly displacing the country boats, bearing to the sea the cotton, sugar, and grain of the valley, and the ivory, dates, skins, and other products of the interior of Africa. Crocodiles are driven back, and are now rarely seen below the cataracts. The tall chimneys of the sugar mills and irrigating works look strangely out of place on the ancient river. Railroads are being pushed in every direction the country will allow. The telegraph already reaches Kartoum, at the junction of the White and Blue Niles, and a few years may possibly see it extended to the shores of Victoria Nyanza.

But the tillers of the soil get little benefit from this: everything beyond the bare pittance required to feed them is taken by the government in the form of taxes, and squandered by their ruler in palaces, steam yachts, and jewelry of fabulous cost, or to support his uselessly large army, and intrigue at Constantinople, hoping perhaps, by means of these last, to become something greater than Viceroy of Egypt.

W. D. P.

THALES, when asked what was the commonest of all passions, answered, "Hope; for even those who have nothing else have hope."

"Lead, lead me on, my hopes," says Mr. Macdonald; "I know that ye are true, and not vain. Vanish from my eyes day after day, but arise in new forms. I will follow your holy deception. Follow, till ye have brought me to the feet of my Father in heaven, where I shall find you all, with folded wings, spangling the sapphire dusk whereon stands his throne, which is our home."

"IF there be anything," says Epictetus, "which you highly value or tenderly love, estimate at the same time its true nature. Is it some possession? remember that it may be destroyed. Is it wife or child? remember that they may die.

"Death," says an epitaph in Chester Cathedral, —

> "Death, the great monitor, comes oft to prove
> 'T is dust we dote on when 't is man we love."

OPTIMISM.

PAUL writes to the Romans, "All things work together for good, to them that love God," to them who are called according to his purpose; and in these words publishes his doctrine of Optimism.

While, on the one hand, they declare that all experiences are favorable to spiritual growth, they limit, on the other hand, the benefits of the varied discipline of our mortal life to those who receive it with a right spirit, and pursue right aims. All things work together for good, all things are for the best, is the doctrine of Optimism. All things are for the best, says Paul also; but only to those who love God, and obey the call to walk in the direction of his purposes.

It is difficult to convince one, who believes in an Infinite and Perfect Creator of the universe, that there is any unnecessary absolute evil in the world. If God is all-powerful, he *can* prevent evil; if he is all-wise, he will know how to do it; and, if he is all-good, he will choose to do it. If we argue thus from the attributes of God, we inevitably reach the result, that there is no unnecessary evil in the world; that all things are ordered for the welfare of created beings. Yet, when we turn from theory to fact, we are likely to reach a different conclusion. We meet a victim of sensuality, bloated, diseased, imbecile in mind, full of pain in his body, a loathsome object to look upon. He is a pest to society. His influence, whatever it is, is corrupting. He is not merely useless, but hurtful. He is a wreck of a man, with all the noble qualities with which he has been endowed, wasted; with all the fine emotions that might have swollen his heart stifled before they had their birth; with all the beneficent work which he might have accomplished unexecuted; with a body which might have been glowing with health, and ready to perform with alacrity every duty, sluggish, foul, and painful. Can we say that it is for the best for this man that he should thus have sinned?

We go to a field of battle. A soldier lies before us, with

festering wounds. All through the long day, with fevered body and parched lips, he has waited for succor, but has waited in vain. The cold dews of night fall upon him, and chill him through and through. The moments seem to him, in his agony, like hours. He thinks the morning will never come. He recalls the home he shall never see again; the playmates of his childhood; the household to which he belonged, with its cheerful fireside, with its memories of motherly care and fatherly oversight and sisterly affection. He lives over again his whole lifetime, but no help comes. Another day passes, and another night, with no food, with no drink except the drenching rain or the chilling dew. And so the brave spirit passes, just on the verge of manhood, from a world where he might have been most useful, where he would have uttered stirring thoughts, and done good deeds, and helped others to bear their trials with patience, and to vanquish their difficulties with brave resolution. Is it well that this should have happened? Is it well that these passions should have existed and been fostered, which have issued in such horrible results? So we might go all over the world, into the prisons where robbers and murderers are confined, into the reeking dens and gilded saloons of infamy, among the toiling and suffering population of the old world, and find everywhere evils which arouse our indignation, and call out earnest protestations from the conscience. We look back upon history, and see the purest and best of men; one who has gone before all others in every virtue, and whose love for men, and desire to benefit them, were unsurpassed, — we see this man, I say, rejected, derided, scourged, and crucified, by a cruel priesthood, an ignorant mob, and a fickle governor. As we realize the character of the sufferer, and his power to do good in the world, our hearts rise up against the unjust act, and we cry out, "How could a just and righteous God suffer this to be?" Yet when we recall the teachings of this same Jesus, and remember what he tells us of the universal providence and infinite love of God; when, too, we see that the cross on which he was crucified has become the emblem of moral and religious progress, and how mankind has advanced

through agitation and conflict, — we are again tempted to say, that all is well; that somehow or other, in the economy of the universe, everything is best, not merely for the whole, but for every creature in it. Thus our views of evil are likely to be modified by the direction in which we look. If we look simply towards God, we cannot reconcile the existence of any absolute evil with his character. If we look at the crimes which stain the page of history; if we recall the shame and regret which our own sins have caused us; if we remember misfortuues which perhaps we have endured, entirely without any fault of our own, — we feel that sin is an unmixed evil, something which we cannot abhor too strongly, or avoid too carefully. This feeling is one which we cannot escape from or subdue. It is one which it is desirable to cherish. It was evidently intended to be a safeguard against temptation, and to render us more earnest in our efforts to preserve others from the dominion of evil. Yet there must be some point of reconciliation between the results which have come from the creative activity of a wise and good Being, and the spontaneous movements of our moral sense.

Their point of reconciliation, we find, in the first place, in the fact that the existence of free moral beings was impossible without the liability to sin. The Creator might have made us with no sense of right and wrong, like the brute animals. Then we should have no consciousness of transgression. He might, perhaps, have made our passions and appetites so weak, and placed such motives to righteousness before us, that we should have had no inclination to do evil. Yet we cannot see how these various passions and appetites, which are the real forces for the perpetuation and progress of the race, could have been much weakened without a fatal result. Here, then, the case stands. It was, if we may so speak, a matter of choice with the Deity, whether he would form a being endowed intellectually as we are, and furnished with the power to do good or evil; or not. If he left him uncreated, then there would be wanting, in the material universe at least, a set of beings intelligent, rational, capable to some extent of comprehending the character and purposes of

their Maker, and of co-operating consciously with him in the execution of his designs. The world would contain nothing higher than animals like the horse, elephant, and dog. The natural sovereign of these domestic animals, the natural ruler of these forces of nature, the one capable of developing the resources of the earth, the one capable of adoring and loving, must be omitted. Which shall it be? shall the liability to sin be admitted into creation? or shall man, with his rich endowments, his vast capabilities, be left out of the scale of existence? There is no conceivable alternative, between not creating man, and the admission into the world of persons susceptible to temptation, and liable to be led by it into sin. We conclude, then, not that sin is no evil, but that its possibility is connected with the fact of human existence. God does not make man sin. His passions and appetites were given for other ends besides to lead him into temptations; ends which are perfectly legitimate and desirable. The objects around him were not created to make him transgress. They have their appropriate and beneficent use. But man exists with this perilous power of choice, because, without it, he could be nothing but a brute, nothing but a sort of living machine, with no capacity for progress, with no aspirations for excellence, with no sense of the sublimity of heroism, self-sacrifice, and holiness. Shall we say that it is better that there should be no such being; or that the liability to sin, even with its deplorable consequences, should be admitted into the scheme of creation?

Again, we find a second point of reconciliation between the existence of sin, and the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, in the words of Paul. "All things work together for good to those who love God." For one who is striving to be a good person, it is a favorable thing that he exists in a world where he is called upon to struggle with temptation, in a world where evil is to be fought with and conquered and overcome. There is no other set of circumstances which can be so favorable for the development of manly qualities of character. Firmness, intrepidity, earnestness, charitableness, compassion for the sinful, and beneficent efforts for their amend-

ment, — all those qualities by which man becomes most humane and most godlike, — spring from the fact that man, striving for excellence, feels the force of temptation, and lives among sinful beings. If temptation comes to you; if, influenced by a love of God, you struggle against it; and, though it besets and entices you eachday, you overcome it, — it is better for you to have been tempted than not to have been. You are nobler for your victory. You have a higher sense of the value and loveliness of excellence. Your struggles have told you what it is worth. Your moral nature has been enlarged. Or again, influenced by the love of God, you mingle with mankind. You send forth such influences as you can, to secure them from temptation, to reclaim them from their wanderings, to make them loyal to duty, friendly and helpful to one another, obedient to conscience. Will it not be better for you to have made these efforts than to have existed in a world in which, through the absence of sin, such efforts would be impossible. In the tender and compassionate and humane feelings which those who love God experience towards the sinful, in the earnest desires they have for their reformation, in the manful self-forgetfulnes with which they fight with evil, the sins of their fellow-men work together for their good. Still farther, I will make a bolder proposition. To those who love God, their own past sins work together for their good. I do not say that it is better for a man to have yielded to a temptation than to have resisted it. On this point there can be no doubt. It is better for us to overcome evil than to be conquered by it. Still, to the man who has sinned, and who is trying to become better, his past transgressions may become a means of good. They may teach him his weakness. They may lead him to depend less on his own strength, and to seek with greater earnestness for divine aid. He may be made more circumspect and cautious; more patient, forbearing, and charitable towards others. Certainly he will be made penitent and humble; and, what perhaps is the greatest benefit of all, he will gain a deep sense of the greatness of God's long suffering and benignity, which could bear so long with his ingratitnde, forgetfulness, and disobedience, could still

surround him with blessings, and still continue to visit him with gracious invitations in order to win him to goodness. So, then, to those who love God, their existence in a sinful world, by their conquest over temptation, by the moral culture gained in contending against evil, and reclaiming the sinful, and by the feelings cherished by a sense of their own disobedience, works together for their good. It is not good for them to have sinned: still, under the laws of the spiritual kingdom, even their sin is made a means for their benefit.

But this statement needs to be balanced by another. To those who do not love God, or the qualities of God, nothing works together for good. Look at the different effects produced by circumstances and events upon the two classes; upon the man who loves God, and the man who does not love him. To the former, his body is a most marvelous instance of divine workmanship. In its life he sees a proof of the unceasing energy of God. In its members he finds instruments for co-operating with the Deity. To the latter, the body seems chiefly valuable for the sensual pleasure which can be obtained through it. It is the vehicle which carries the drapery of vanity and pride. It is the instrument by which to accomplish his selfish purpose. It is that part of him which is to be pampered and provided for, regardless of the laws of duty, or the interests of mankind. To the man who loves God, the world, with its materials, forces, and animals, is a most admirable display of the divine wisdom and benignity. While he rejoices in the beauties of God, he uses them with moderation, and turns none of them to a purpose which will be injurious to himself or his fellow-men. Those objects which supply his wants are a perpetual exhortation to gratitude and trustfulness. To him, nature is a mediator which leads him constantly nearer to God. To the other man, the materials, forces, and animals of nature are merely something which he can turn to his own advantage or pleasure. He is unscrupulous in his methods, and seeks not how he may apply each object to its true use, but how he may make it subservient to his will. To the religious man, success and prosperity stimulate to usefulness. He regards himself as an almoner of God's

bounty, and he makes exalted position or large fortune the means of conferring greater benefits on mankind. In the man who does not love God, success cultivates contempt for others, pride in his abilities, a domineering and exacting spirit. In the former, adversity and affliction produce humility, submissiveness, patience, and sympathy; in the latter, they cultivate stubbornness, bitterness, and a rebellious disposition. In the former, all experiences render the character better: in the latter, all experiences render it worse.

Here then, the opponents of Optimism will say, we have an admission which effectually disposes of the assertion that all things are for the best. If any person becomes irretrievably bad, and if during his existence he shall suffer the remorse and other painful results of his evil doings, it can in no way be demonstrated that all things are for the best. Whatever may be the case with others, they are not best for him. But who shall dare to say that any person becomes irretrievably bad? Who shall dare to say, that, in some period of existence after death, latent principles of good may not be nourished into life, and at length overpower evil habits, and reverse evil tendencies? Who shall dare to place before himself any human being, however base, however perverse, however besotted, however vicious, and declare that it is beyond the power of God to reclaim him, and bring him to cheerful and willing obedience to his laws? It is true, we cannot affirm the truth too strongly, or feel it too deeply, that what a man sows, that he shall also reap. It is true that the fruit of sin is self-loathing, self-contempt, self-reproach, and physical suffering, and agony of spirit; and that the only way of redemption is through sincere repentance and earnest struggles and entire amendment, but also true are those other words of Paul which predict the ultimate triumph of Christ, and the universal reign of righteousness. "God," he says, "will have all men to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth: God has ordained, that, at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, and that all things should be put under him."

This, then, is the conclusion to which we come. Sin is

evil, and the parent of evil; but it is better that man, a free moral agent, endowed with unlimited capacities, should exist, even exposed to the liability of sinning, and to the suffering which follows it, than that he should not exist at all. To every person of the human race, the boon of existence will prove a blessing. For every person it would have been better to have resisted temptation, than to have yielded to its solicitations; yet it is better for him thus to have yielded than to be destitute of that power of moral choice through whose absence alone he could be perfectly secure. And yet how great the mercy of God! sin, vile, abhorrent, fruitful in misery, still, under the economy of his providence, is made a means of good. Its dark shadow, its menacing aspect, cause the sun of his benignity and compassion to shine with more conspicuous lustre. We see more clearly the love of God, because he bears so patiently with the frowardness and disobedience of men. We see his love because he does not cast off a single one of his children, but wins them all back to his fatherly arms. We see his love in the fact, that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us, and brought into the world those healing, enlivening, redeeming influences, which will finally make all men the subjects of his kingdom.

C. S. L.

"KEEP your eye steadily fixed on the great reality of death, and all other things will shrink to their true proportions. As in a voyage, when the ship has come to anchor, if you have gone out to find water, you may amuse yourself with picking up a little shell or bulb: but you must keep your attention steadily fixed upon the ship, in case the captain should call; and then you must leave all such things, lest you should be flung on board, bound like sheep. So in life. If, instead of a little shell or bulb, some wifeling or childling be granted you, well and good; but, if the captain call, run to the ship, and leave such possessions behind you, not looking back. But, if you be an old man, take care not to go a long distance from the ship at all, lest you should be called, and come too late."

"WHAT ought not to be done, do not even think of doing."

ON

MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

What is a Miracle?

What is a miracle? It is a fearful question to start in a theological library. For at once that library becomes a Babel of angry disputants, scarcely one of whom can understand another or would even wish to. A miracle has been defined in one way, and another way, and in so many ways, that almost as a word, it has become meaningless. It is plain, that commonly Protestants in defining a miracle, have been actuated by anti-Catholic prejudice, and not simply by that spirit of truth, which would guide into all truth. And this remark is true even of some Protestants, who, for purity of character, might very properly, as Catholics even, have been sainted. And indeed, always, more or less of allowance will have to be made for a writer, as long as he is connected with books, and breathes vital air, and is capable of being provoked by his fellow-creatures.

As to their reality, miracles may be tested by their usefulness as to the gospel: miracles are credible, as good evidence, if accompanied by inspiration: miracles not directly connected with doctrine, are not worth thinking of: miracles are of use in founding a faith, but not in preserving it, and therefore can never have happened since the earliest days of Christianity: miracles were acts, by which the laws of nature were suspended, and which acts are made certain through history, because of considerations which are acquiesced in, by learned and honorable men.

But now all these definitions of the miraculous were made with a view to the claims, controversially, of the Catholic Church. Catholicism throughout the wide regions which it covers, appropiates every marvel to itself, and knows how to use itself skillfully. An ecstatic, the report of an apparition, a wonderful dream, healing in the manner which is now called

mesmeric — all such marvels, as these, the Catholic Church can argue from, in one way or another. "See the marvels, which are among us, every day, somewhere or other. See how these things are a continuation of the miraculous powers, which witness our special descent from the apostles. Or else, see how they happen in attestation of our doctrines as to the spiritual world."

To all this practically, Protestants have said, "We cannot look, and we will not look. We should be silly to look at what is impossible. But we will define against you." And so a late English Dean, while attempting to define a miracle, was evidently conscious of his scarlet hood, and of the front which it was desirable to show against the Papists — mild, firm and justly dogmatic. And in his definition of the miraculous, the Protestant minister of Paris, evidently had in view things among Catholics,the reality of which as facts, he was not willing to challenge, but the cogency of which, as marvels, it was his object to forestall. Miracles are to be tested by their necessity to the gospel — but this leaves it uncertain what the gospel may be, and what necessity may be; and as coming from Bishop Warburton, it leaves it uncertain also whether those divines of his age, might not by him, have been accounted right, who argued that miracles ceased in the Church, with the political establishment of Christianity by Constantine; and in whose minds therefore Christianity was a gospel, which could spare "the manifestations of the Spirit" as soon as it became strong in armies, old temples, and money. And there is the Scotch bishop, Douglass, who in his time and place defined a miracle as being credible, if accompanied by inspiration. That definition may have seemed good to some people at a particular time: but to-day it seems, as though it would say that a miracle by itself, is impossible, but a miracle conjoined with a mystery, is fairly credible.

At one time, a miracle was defined, as against the doctrinal claims of the Catholics, and at another time as against the Catholics and Gibbon, and with an eye also to Hume. And to-day, the acute Protestant theologian, who fancies that the Church is a fortress, of which he is a defender, would wish to

define a miracle, so as to stop off Catholics, Spiritualists, and anti-supernaturalists.

And now for intelligent, discriminating, earnest persons what is the outcome of all the controversies of the last century as to miracles? It is simply, at the best, the hope that none of the parties concerned, may have known what they were talking about; as so few out of the number of mutually contradictory opponents, can possibly have been right, even if any were. And thus in these latter times, on the subject of miracles, it would seem, as though something had been happening like what Paul was thinking of, when he wrote of how, "the world by wisdom knew not God," or like the nullifying effect of that inappropriate learning with which Jesus reproached the Jews; "Thus have ye made the commandment of God, of none effect by your tradition."

Thoroughly persuaded as to the supernatural, and speaking to people, who no more doubted about it, than he himself did, Luther in his fearless, unguarded way, once spoke of miracles, as playthings which the Father Almighty in heaven let fall among his children on earth. Jerome Huss also expressed himself as to miracles, in the same way. And they both of them did well enough, thinking, no doubt, while they were speaking, of the priesthood of their time, which commonly was eager to magnify every little marvel of the day or neighborhood, for purposes more exactly ecclesiastical than religious.

In the common version of the Scriptures, the word "miracle" occurs in all the Old Testament but five times; and in the Gospel of Matthew, not once; in that of Luke, but once only; and in the Gospel of Mark, but twice. And of those instances in Mark, one use of the word "miracle" is in a passage, where nothing like the word was written by St. Mark, in Greek; and the other is in a text, where more properly it might be translated as meaning power or enabling faculty. But in the Gospel of John, the word "miracle" occurs eleven times. How then is this? It is because the word which is commonly translated "miracle" means really "a sign." In the three first Gospels, it is always so translated,

except on three occasions ; in two of which the original Greek is not concerned, and in the third of which, it is the same word which otherwise is always translated as meaning a sign. But now why is there this difference in the rendering of a common and important word from the Greek into English? It is, no doubt, because the Commissioners for translating the Scriptures, under the authority of King James the First, of England, at their separate pieces of work, translated the same Greek term, some of them by one word, and others of them by another.

What a relief it seems to be, to learn this! For about that word "miracle," there has gathered such a darkening of "counsel by words without knowledge!" To theological students the word is like a football, kicked and indented on the field of controversy, amidst the shouts and passions of opposing parties, age after age, till for any exact use, it has been kicked out of all shape.

Sometimes in the New Testament, "signs and wonders" are mentioned, but this phrase means simply "wonderful signs." Sometimes things of a miraculous character are called in the Greek and are translated into English as merely "works." But the original Greek word, whether any dictionary knows it or not, means a peculiar kind of works, with a mighty spirit in them, as is evident by the use of the word among the Neo-Platonists.

About things called miracles then, the general meaning of the phraseology employed, is that of significance. Miracles are signs; or rather "signs" really and exactly are those things which are commonly called miracles. Indeed the word "miracle" has been so miserably abused by controversialists, that it would be well, if it could be disused for fifty years, and some synonym be used for it. But as that thing cannot be, then always let it be remembered, that in the Scriptures, by "miracles" are meant "signs," or manifestations of power originating outside of the sphere of nature.

Of all the passages in the Bible, which implicate the subject of miracles, it is of course impossible, here, to enter into an examination. But there are certain distinct, grand, over-

ruling enunciations as to miracles, to which all other texts must be regarded as subservient, for reasons as to incidental utterance, or local connection. And perhaps there is no honest theologian but would acknowledge in a moment, that there are no texts in the Scriptures, but actually are congruent with these great direct statements. According to the Gospel of John, Jesus said, "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do: because I go unto my Father." In this passage, are foretold the powers, with which the disciples might find themselves invested. And in the following passage from the Gospel of Matthew, it is forewarned that miracles may not only be signs of the coming of the kingdom of heaven, but may also herald a movement from the side of the Prince of Darkness. "For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold I have told you before." Also St. Paul foreshowed to the Thessalonians the working of a mystery of iniquity, through which he would be revealed, "whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders." Through the Apocalypse, St. John foresaw the struggle between the gospel and hell, typified in various ways. "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever. And the four beasts said Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshiped him that liveth for ever and ever." But John saw also something else than that, as he stood upon the sand of the sea, and beheld a beast come up out of the earth. "And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth, in the sight of men, and deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by the means of those miracles which he had power to do, in the sight of the beast." The

early Christians then expected miracles from more quarters than one, and from elsewhere than heaven; and they were prepared for the coming of false prophets as well as true.

In the Gospel of Mark, it is promised, "These signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Signs were to follow them that believed; and also were to be looked for from persons, who were worse than unbelievers. For still as written in the gospel of Mark, and still also as the words of Jesus himself, it was foretold that "false Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall show signs and wonders, to seduce, if it were possible, even the elect."

That through miracles, there is a manifestation of the Spirit, St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians. And to the Thessalonians he wrote, that power and signs would some time be from the working of Satan.

A miracle is a seal, beyond a counterfeit, which God sets to his word, when he speaks. This is a statement, which has been agreed to, by theologians of all degrees, by bishops and priests and ministers and laymen, but never by either fact or the Scriptures. The voice of the Scriptures, indeed, on the subject, enunciates distinctly its meaning, through the texts just cited, and which are direct, emphatic, and overruling.

The field of the miraculous is wider and more mysterious than might seem to be supposed by some people, and even by many divines. According to the Scriptures, miracles, and of more kinds than one, apparently, a man might work, and yet be no Christian. And, as it would seem, a man might even work miracles in the name of Christ, and possibly by even the virtue of that name, and yet truly himself not be a Christian. "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." That is a warning for persons

about themselves, as channels for the miraculous. And now let a caution be considered, as to the origin and laws of marvelous manifestations. Because there were going about many false prophets, that is, many persons, who were liable to be inspired by bad spirits, St. John, in his first epistle, gives what would be a test, for at least the people, individually, to whom he wrote. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God."

And now let it be understood that, no doubt, these false prophets appeared among the Christians, as they assembled themselves together, and, so to say, in Church. And as to the manner in which they might manifest themselves, let the fourteenth chapter be considered, in the first epistle to the Corinthians. In that chapter, is indicated remarkably the attitude, which Christianity would have its disciples assume towards spirits, who might wish to inspire any of them, and therefore also towards the prophets themselves, as to what they might have to say on the prompting or inspiration of those spirits. "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." The prophets are to exercise their own discretion, as to time, at least, towards the spirits, who would wish to make them speak. And with this monition of St. Paul, agrees curiously and wonderfully that advice by St. John: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."

By the foregoing texts, lines are marked on a field of thought, in which possibly some persons may feel, as though they could only move blindly. And yet some time perhaps, it may be to them, like a familiar region, after they have been, as St. Paul would say, renewed in the spirit of their minds, by, it may be, a new philosophy, which they may have taken to, or by internal processes in the spirit, which they may have experienced, and as to which perhaps, there is nothing to be suggested more distinctly than what is to be read in the book

of Job, "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

And truly the world intellectual and spiritual must be alive with laws, powers, and agencies, in a thousand ways, as to which we mortals can know nothing whatever, but of which for importance and numbers and nearness, we may conjecture something, from the manner in which the outer, material world has revealed itself to eyes, fitted with telescope and microscope. In the fourteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians, there is a glimpse of what the souls of men are capable of manifesting, as to prophecy, and as to the discovery of the secrets of the heart, and as to speech in unknown tongues of men, and it may be, of angels. But it was the doctrine of Paul that, than all such marvels as these, charity was far better evidence as to the operation of the Spirit. By these remarks, there is implied another spiritual world than what some theologians suppose, but it is not therefore the less certain or Scriptural.

And now again, what is a miracle? Of all the words then in the Scriptures, so translated, and guided also by the connections in which the words are used, the general sense of "miracle" would seem to be "a sign." And a sign would seem to be of various degrees and even varieties of significance, and even perhaps to be more or less contingent on human or earthly conditions. That wonderful scene of the Transfiguration was not for all Jerusalem, nor even for all the twelve apostles; but as it is written, "Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light, and behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him." But in his own country, where people asked in reference to his miraculous power, as to how it was, and why it could be, and whether he was not the carpenter? 'Jesus said unto them, a prophet is not without honor, but in

his own country, and among his own kindred, and in his own house. And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them. And he marveled because of their unbelief."

Of there having been greater or less significance as to miracles among the multitude, at least, this text would seem to show, "And many of the people believed on him and said, When Christ cometh, will he do more miracles than these which this man hath done?" And that ultimately miracles, as to significance, have to be understood by doctrine, that is, through the human reason quickened and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, is evident even from the position which Jesus Christ assumed in argument. "Then was brought unto him one possessed with a devil, blind and dumb: and he healed him, insomuch that the blind and dumb both spake and saw. And all the people were amazed, and said, Is not this the son of David? But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand: and if Satan cast out Satan, he is divided against himself: how shall then his kingdom stand?"

And so, there is recorded another argument by Jesus, made apparently with reference to what he was himself, and as to what the world about him was, with his being in it, and its being thereby alive with miraculous possibilities; "Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?" Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" And for the estimate of miracles as connected with the apostles, it would seem as though these words might be fully applicable, as implying that the miracles of the apostles were like those of Jesus as to significance, "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?"

As to the significance by authority, which miracles claim in the New Testament, perhaps the preceding texts are sufficient. And as to the authority of miracles in the Old Testament, perhaps Maimonides, the Rabbi, may be a good teacher; and what he says, agrees altogether with the Gospels, and with the doctrine of St. Paul. "We do not believe every one who works a sign or a wonder to be a prophet, but only the man whom we have known from the beginning to be fit for prophecy: to have raised himself, by his wisdom and his works above all the men of his age, and to have walked in holiness and separation. Afterwards, if he come and do a sign or a wonder, and say that God hath sent him, the command is to hear him, as it is said, 'Unto him shall ye hearken.'" The translation of this passage is not by the present writer, but it is correct, without any doubt.

The general sense then of the word "miracle" in the Bible is "a sign;" as in Exodus, where it is said to Moses by the Lord, "And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, that they will believe the voice of the latter sign." And as on the occasion when Jesus expelled traders from the court of the temple, and when "answered the Jews and said unto him, What sign showest thou unto us, seeing thou doest these things?" and as on another occasion, when "certain of the scribes and of the Pharisees answered, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee."

The word "sign" is a general word, though more precise than the word "miracle." For, a sign of a miraculous origin, means at least, something of an unearthly origin intended for the notice of earthly people. There is, however, no word in the Bible, which distinguishes as to the marvelous, between what might herald an angel, or such a startle as might be given by Satan, or by any one of those spirits or agencies, for which in the aggregate, perhaps, the word "Satan," is a synonym, in the Scriptures. In the Apocalypse were foreseen "the spirits of demons working miracles." But the word, which is here translated as miracle, is the same word sign, which was used by Jesus when he said, "The powers of the

heavens shall be shaken ; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven." And according to the predictions of Jesus, "signs" were to attend upon those who believed in him, and also "signs" were to be shown by false Christs and false prophets.

And now let us notice the tone, simply, in which miracles or signs are spoken of, and we shall feel perhaps that miracles, or signs and wonders, are signs simply, and not absolute proofs. In the twelfth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, it is written, "Then certain of the scribes and of the Pharisees answered, saying, Master, we would see a sign from thee. But he answered and said unto them, An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign ; and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas." And so by implication at least, and actually by the philosophy of the Scriptures as to miracles, the argument of Jesus is, that miracles were not for them — Scribes and Pharisees — because of their souls having been averse to his preaching. "The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it : because they repented at the preaching of Jonas ; and behold a greater than Jonas is here."

In the minds of the Pharisees, the cure of the man born blind, scarcely counterbalanced by its miraculousness, the prejudice which was created by its having been wrought on the Sabbath. "They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Then again also the Pharisees asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes ; and I washed, and do see. Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles ? And there was a division among them." According to some theologians, every miracle is the direct act of the Most High God. And thus a miracle to-day should be like the sound of a trumpet, in advance of legions of angels, and of heavenly hosts and of power almighty. But it was not so that miracles were regarded at Jerusalem, by the chief people. After Lazarus

had been raised from the dead, "Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him. But some of them went their way to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done. Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him; and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation."

To the apostles Jesus said, "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake." This was as though his own sweet words should have been more persuasive than miracles. In his own country, "When the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue: and many hearing him were astonished, saying, From whence hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands?" The mighty works however, even though thoroughly credited, were not supposed to be for significance, what should have stopped the rudeness of the further questioning, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and John, and of Juda, and of Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him."

By contrast with the preceding, occurs to the mind the account of the poor woman, who said, "If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole." From her case there is a little more to be learned as to miracles. "She felt in her body that she was healed of that plague;" and she was cured as to her body, through her soul, or rather through that state of her soul, which was like a sensation of Christ, as "she touched his garment." After this, "the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth. And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague." At Capernaum, when the heathen centurion told his tale, "And Jesus heard it, he marveled, and said to them that followed, Verily, I say unto you, I have

not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And then as showing that the spiritual state of the "man under authority" was consenting to the miracle or concerned with it, "Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the self-same hour."

Of the soul there is a state or an attitude, by which it is "right before God." It does not follow, however, even under Christ, that every spirit right before God, should be a channel of miracles whether few or many. For, all the conditions concerned with miracles, are not known. As a right state of the body is favorable to right thinking, so there may be some nervous condition or magnetic peculiarity, which may favor the soul's expression of itself by miracles. And with the free manifestation of miracles, it would seem as though not only the spiritual state of individuals might be concerned, but also the state of the community of which they may be members.

Also, religiously all times are not the same. One age is a time of fervor and trust, wherein man can walk with God, gladly and joyously, though clouds and darkness be about him. Another age is a season of intellectual curiosity, when men fancy that they can "by searching find out God," and that indeed they ought to learn about him, before trusting to him. But now that picture of the Transfiguration by Raphael, at Rome, has never been seen through a microscope, and never will be, even though every bit of the canvass should be passed over the field of the best possible instrument. A believer can walk with God in spirit, but not the man who thinks that before starting, he must find out God by analysis and logic, even though not unto perfection. And in many other ways, too, may men disqualify themselves spiritually, for things which they would attempt. Often in the chambers of his soul, a man will deliberately close the skylights and the higher windows, and try to see only by such light, as is nearest to the basement; and he thinks, in so doing, that he is keeping close to nature. But he makes the same blunder, as that which would search out the beauty and meaning of Raphael's great picture, with a microscope. Dogs are excel-

lent within the range of their faculties — the mastiff, the setter, the Newfoundland. But as something to be judged upon, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs."

And not only can a man not judge, who is no judge, but under no outpouring whether Pentecostal or any other, can a man receive, who has no receptivenesss. The Pharisees and Sadducees were not often the people through whom there was any manifestation of the Spirit. In the time of Jesus, it does not appear, that ever a Pharisee was healed, or that there was a Pharisee among the seventy sent out by Christ, who found themselves endowed with miraculous power. And commonly the Pharisees would seem to have been spiteful about the miracles, even when they could not but acknowledge them, as being real. The seventy had returned with joy, at the effect of their new powers in the places where they had been, saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name." At this, and thereby also at the states of mind, which had been thus found existing abroad, "Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

It has been quoted already, but it is of that significance, that it may well be cited again, that when Jesus was in his own country, "he could there do no mighty work," but only heal a few people, by laying his hands on them. There was then possible a state of feeling in a place, at a certain time, which could hinder the working of miracles even by Jesus Christ; and thus too there is a plane, upon which there is intercourse between spirits in the flesh, and with re-enforcement even attendant from agency disembodied, which yet, as to miraculous effect, can be hindered by doubt, suspicion, contempt, and unbelief, on the part of men and women.

And as what may result from spiritual recognition between persons, and from trust and faith, the miracle at Lystra is an instance; at which city, there was a poor sufferer, who happened to be within the reach of Paul's voice, as he preached. "The same heard Paul speak: who steadfastly beholding

him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked." By this, it would seem to be implied, that for miracles in curing, there was necessary not only a power ready to heal, but also a state of expectancy, receptiveness, and faith on the side of the sufferers.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you," says St. James in his epistle; and if there be an age, by the spirit of which men generally are withdrawn from God, then necessarily the manifestations of the Spirit, must become very few, and be what can be credited very faintly by most persons. And this must be notwithstanding what concurrently, may be the experiences of individual Christians, who perhaps may be peculiar as to constitution, or happy in some way, as to education, associates, or neighborhood.

From Jesus, after he had risen, and before he had ascended, the apostles received as an answer to a question, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." And that there is a varying distance, in some sense, between mortals and their God, is implied in the words of Peter, in his address at the temple, in Solomon's porch, when he said to the people, who had come running together, on account of a miracle, "Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out," against what is in the future "when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

And as showing the manner, in which the human spirit may be in connection with powers outside of itself indeed, and which yet are not foreign to its nature, let the words of Jesus spoken to his immediate disciples, be noticed; for though they were not fulfilled in the age, when they were uttered, and are not likely to be at this present time, yet they hold good for all who are, or who ever shall be in him, "that is true, even in his son Jesus Christ." It is the philosophy of faith, which is stated in this merely occasional remark, "Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

And now what is faith? It is the confidence of moral persuasion — it is the sense of what must be, because of what ought to be: it is the state of a soul, which is open towards God, and therefore receptive of the Holy Ghost, and which thereby also is capable of becoming prophetic, and of blossoming with Christian graces, like gifts, and of developing latent powers, in a superhuman way, for teaching and healing, and for spiritual perception, and communion. Faith is the instinct of a soul, as to its affinities; and about which, as to reliability, the blind life of a bee in the hive, ought to be hint enough.

There is an instinct of faith in us, or a something, which for want of words, cannot perhaps be better defined, but which men are free to trust or not, because of the manner in which they are created to live, or are let live, or at least are free to feel.

"Faith as a grain of mustard-seed!" There is a whole volume of spiritual philosophy in these words, though only dimly discernible by the writer hereof and perhaps by most other persons, at present. In a parable Jesus spoke of "a grain of mustard-seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth: but when it is sown, it groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it." And just as in a mustard seed, there is the possibility of a tree, so in every man of faith, there is what might remove mountains, not perhaps any day in any century, but in Pentecostal times. That our souls begin from God, and live by him, is Christian doctrine; and it was the belief of the best of the heathen, as St. Paul showed to the men of Athens, when he reminded them of the words of certain of their poets, "For we are also his offspring." And if only by faith, our souls were as natural as mustard-seeds, or as pliant to super-agency, they would have their various faculties supplied and filled from a fountain-head eternal of wisdom, power and goodness, and have all such desires, as faithful souls can have, easily and abundantly satisfied.

him, and perceiving that he had faith to be healed, said with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet. And he leaped and walked." By this, it would seem to be implied, that for miracles in curing, there was necessary not only a power ready to heal, but also a state of expectancy, receptiveness, and faith on the side of the sufferers.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you," says St. James in his epistle; and if there be an age, by the spirit of which men generally are withdrawn from God, then necessarily the manifestations of the Spirit, must become very few, and be what can be credited very faintly by most persons. And this must be notwithstanding what concurrently, may be the experiences of individual Christians, who perhaps may be peculiar as to constitution, or happy in some way, as to education, associates, or neighborhood.

From Jesus, after he had risen, and before he had ascended, the apostles received as an answer to a question, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." And that there is a varying distance, in some sense, between mortals and their God, is implied in the words of Peter, in his address at the temple, in Solomon's porch, when he said to the people, who had come running together, on account of a miracle, "Repent ye therefore and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out," against what is in the future "when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord."

And as showing the manner, in which the human spirit may be in connection with powers outside of itself indeed, and which yet are not foreign to its nature, let the words of Jesus spoken to his immediate disciples, be noticed; for though they were not fulfilled in the age, when they were uttered, and are not likely to be at this present time, yet they hold good for all who are, or who ever shall be in him, "that is true, even in his son Jesus Christ." It is the philosophy of faith, which is stated in this merely occasional remark, "Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

And now what is faith? It is the confidence of moral persuasion — it is the sense of what must be, because of what ought to be: it is the state of a soul, which is open towards God, and therefore receptive of the Holy Ghost, and which thereby also is capable of becoming prophetic, and of blossoming with Christian graces, like gifts, and of developing latent powers, in a superhuman way, for teaching and healing, and for spiritual perception, and communion. Faith is the instinct of a soul, as to its affinities; and about which, as to reliability, the blind life of a bee in the hive, ought to be hint enough.

There is an instinct of faith in us, or a something, which for want of words, cannot perhaps be better defined, but which men are free to trust or not, because of the manner in which they are created to live, or are let live, or at least are free to feel.

"Faith as a grain of mustard-seed!" There is a whole volume of spiritual philosophy in these words, though only dimly discernible by the writer hereof and perhaps by most other persons, at present. In a parable Jesus spoke of "a grain of mustard-seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth: but when it is sown, it groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it." And just as in a mustard seed, there is the possibility of a tree, so in every man of faith, there is what might remove mountains, not perhaps any day in any century, but in Pentecostal times. That our souls begin from God, and live by him, is Christian doctrine; and it was the belief of the best of the heathen, as St. Paul showed to the men of Athens, when he reminded them of the words of certain of their poets, "For we are also his offspring." And if only by faith, our souls were as natural as mustard-seeds, or as pliant to super-agency, they would have their various faculties supplied and filled from a fountain-head eternal of wisdom, power and goodness, and have all such desires, as faithful souls can have, easily and abundantly satisfied.

And now again what is a miracle for us human beings, according to the Scriptures? But as preliminary to the answer let it be remembered, that our souls and all souls are living in God, as indeed, in some way, all things must be; and not merely such intelligences as Moses and Socrates were, but also, bees, busy in the hive, and devils even while they believe and tremble.

According to the Scriptures, then, miracles are "signs" of activity in a molding and pervading world of spirit; and which were appealed to, by the Jews, as proofs sometimes of greater and sometimes of less significance, in connection with the persons, through whom they were wrought. Also concurrently with the foregoing statement, and as enlarging it, it is to be remembered, according to the Scriptures, through the world of spirit which is round us, that demons like any other spirits, may possibly make "signs" and try even to be taken for angels of light.

And thus according to an ancient phrase, by many windings of thought, or as Swedenborg might say, by a spiral progress, we have arrived at a point, perhaps a little higher on the scale of information, but still with the same view, whence Ralph Cudworth looked out, as a student of the Intellectual System of the Universe, when he wrote, after citing Pagan as well as Christian miracles and prophecies, "All these phenomena of apparitions, witchcraft, possessions, and prophecies, do evince that spirits, angels or demons, though invisible to us, are no fancies, but real and substantial inhabitants of the world; which favors not the atheistic hypothesis: but some of them, as the higher kinds of miracles and predictions, do also immediately enforce the acknowledgment of a Deity, a Being superior to nature, which therefore can check and control it, and which comprehending the whole, foreknows the most remote, distant, and contingent event." Also, though it be the same thing in other words, it is yet worthy of being read again "Though all miracles, promiscuously, do not immediately prove the existence of God, nor confirm a prophet, or whatsoever doctrine; yet do all of them evince that there is a rank of invisible, under-

standing beings, superior to men, which atheists commonly deny."

Those last words as to an atheist, remind one of a fact, which by a late writer was stated very vividly, that in modern times there has nothing been debated or proposed in the realms of thought or imagination, as to theology, or metaphysics, or social organization, but was agitated in England, during the times of the Commonwealth. And from that furnace-like condition, in which mind once was in England, no doubt, there has resulted in its inhabitants, that something, which is a part, at least, of what by foreigners is sometimes called sobriety, and sometimes slowness of thought.

Ralph Cudworth, Richard Baxter, John Owen, Henry More, John Smith and their compeers, may be supposed by some critics to be out of date, for citation as authorities on philosophical or religious subjects, as having been persons innocent of a thought of Pantheism, and too simple and professional, ever to have known what hostile skepticism might have had to say for itself, in their time. But, than this, there is not a greater mistake to be made in literature, by anybody. For the foregoing are all men of great names; and the age in which they lived, was not a time for cheap reputations. And indeed for spiritual insight and learning, and for experience from a wide knowledge of men and collision with them, there are no twelve men, to-day, to be found in all England, or throughout the United States, who could be fairly compared, as a jury, on a theological question, with such men as were known to Henry More and Richard Baxter. And truly, at this time, the direct affinities of the best thinkers, are with the scholars of two hundred years ago, rather than with those who wrote English under Queen Anne, or who loved to be Addisonian, while George the Third was King. By searching upwards and around, with the telescope, and downwards with the microscope, into the magnitudes and affinities, which are latent in every atom, science confirms the doctrine of the Unity of God. But that doctrine had been a primary truth of revelation, for thousands of years, before those optical helps were invented. And indeed beyond its assent as to the doctrine of

the Unity of the Godhead, and those illustrations, which it furnishes of truths, which are at least, as old as the Old Testament, science has yielded nothing new whatever, for the uses or the consideration of theology. With the discovery of the law of gravitation, Newton did not find himself changed theologically: and to the end of his life, he believed profoundly in a world extra-human and spiritual, and in prophecy, as an effect from it.

And now after having striven to view this subject of miracles, as it exists in the Scriptures, by light from every quarter which is open towards him, the present writer would suggest the following propositions.

I. A miracle is a "sign" that men are vitally connected with a sphere, which is wider than what is commonly called "nature," and which transcends it.

II. A miracle is a "sign" as to individuals and sometimes as to communities, of an increase in sensibility as to influence from the spiritual world.

III. A miracle is a "sign" that in the persons, through whom it is wrought, there is a state of openness towards the spiritual world, through which, more or less effectually, they may be receptive of spiritual suggestions, prophetic and doctrinal: which suggestions however, like the miracle itself, may possibly be not from above.

IV. A miracle of magnitude and beneficence, would seem to create a high presumption, and to be "a sign" as to the goodness, and therefore as to the reliability of the person, through whom it is wrought.

V. A miracle or sign is a possibility of the present day, and from quarters both good and bad.

VI. As to the significance of miracles, or as to signs given or coming from the spiritual world, men ordinarily may judge of themselves, and always they may learn from the Holy Spirit; the monitions of which will never fail, while there are two or three disciples, to gather together truly in the name of Jesus Christ.

Miracles as Signs.

By anti-supernaturalists, it is an argument against the probability of miracles ever having happened, that the force of them, as to authority, and therefore also as to credibility, must depend on the mental state of the person witnessing them, or hearing of them. But this is no new discovery; for it is implied in the Scriptures continually. And St. Paul, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, discriminates thus, as to miracles which might happen together, in the church, "Tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to them that believe not: but prophesying serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe." And in the first chapter of the same epistle, St. Paul would say that there are conditions as to preaching Christ, under which "signs" are not thought of, and wisdom of the Greek kind is not minded, "For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

Miracles dependent for their meaning, on the persons attending to them — of course they must be, and always have been. For, outside of what is mathematical, hardly anything can be uttered, but varies as to force, with the various minds which receive it, and especially on such subjects as are moral and religious.

It has been said, as though by the complaisance of lofty intellects, and as though by concession to the ways of Providence, that a belief in miracles may have had its use in times of darkness, and so may have served a good end, though itself being utterly baseless. But a sentiment like that, instead of being welcomed, is eschewed by anything like "the truth as it is in Jesus," and by every honest atom in the universe.

It is true, that a miracle may be more striking, one day

than another, and in one age than another, just as it might be with one person more than with another. But what of that? From even the same occurrence, do all the spectators receive uniformly the same impression? What sermon ever was exactly the same thing to even only two persons in a congregation? A miracle might be seen and acknowledged by twenty witnesses; and some of them would thank God for "a sign and wonder;" and some others would say that it was very curious, and worth thinking about: while still more by their utilitarian remarks, would show themselves to be of the same mind with the people, whom Jesus once answered, when he said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled."

Never were miracles understood in the Catholic Church, as being of the same significance, as in the "Evidences of Religion," by Joseph Priestley. And before Moses addressed Pharaoh, it was anticipated, that among the Egyptians, one sign might be more cogent than another, and two signs be more persuasive than one. "And it shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, that they will believe the voice of the latter sign." Is a miracle then really the less probable as an occurrence, or is its significance the less certain, because the minds of men, as to the "sign and wonder" may not be uniform, age after age?

It has been said that the day for miracles is past, and that whatever use there may have been in them, is worn out. This however, is the word of a writer, who actually never knew what a miracle was, and who therefore could never have known properly about its significance and use. For really and truly, there never was a time, when a miracle was as much itself, as it is to-day. There never has been a period, when a miracle could have been as suggestive and as instructive, as it might be at present. There never has been an age, when a miracle could have meant as much as it does, at this moment. And never in all time past, could a miracle have been as much of "a sign and wonder" as it might be, and should be, at this present time. For, as is commonly

and scientifically supposed, the Order of Nature is clearly and distinctly against anything like a miracle; and those powers of omnipotence and omniscience, by which the realm of nature is pervaded, are rightly regarded, as guaranties against the possibility of a miracle, by accident. And so, in these enlightened days, the humblest miracle, or work, or sign, on which formerly only a minor stress would have been laid, is to-day arrayed in a portentousness of meaning, with which anciently it was never accredited, even by those who most heartily believed it. And thus, like a remark which has been already made, for such spiritual discernment, as most persons have at present, or are likely to have before they die, "the unclean spirit" so often mentioned in the Bible, would, as to the constitution of the spiritual universe, be as great a sign, as they are capable of receiving. And yet from the Spirit of God, an abundance of other "signs" are waiting on us all; are waiting on us, because indeed, in some sense, they must be so waiting. But as to these invisible signs, we experience nothing, and can scarcely even think or feel anything, because of our living, for some reason, in a state as to the miraculous, somewhat like that of those Jews, to whom Jesus said, "Perceive ye not yet, neither understand? have ye your heart yet hardened? Having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not?"

Certainly a miracle is not of the same meaning, in every age; but it is not always because of its seeming to diminish in significance. King Saul believed that Ahimelech the priest had "inquired of God," at the request of David. At this day, it seems, that whatever the answer might be, which even an enemy might get, as an oracle from God, as though certainly, we all of us could only say, "The Lord's will be done!" But Saul did not feel so: but said, "Thou shalt surely die, Ahimelech, thou, and all of thy father's house." This seems to be like insanity; but things have been enacted and done in Europe, within the last century, from a state of mind, not as intense indeed, as that of Saul, but like it. And indeed, history may well make the most intelligent man fear for himself, as to what nonsense or wickedness, he may some

time find himself committed to, for what may have seemed to him to be good reasons, drawn from theology. But in connection with Saul, let us read further. "And the king said to Doeg, Turn thou and fall upon the priests. And Doeg, the Edomite turned, and he fell upon the priests, and slew on that day fourscore and five persons that did wear a linen ephod." Kill a man who could "inquire of the Lord" — kill a man, who was like the mouthpiece of God! This would seem to be like anything, but a belief in miracles. Yet, actually, it was because he was believed to be a man of miracle, that Ahimelech the priest was killed.

"A man of God" had wrought great miracles at the altar in Bethel, and an old prophet wished to detain him, notwithstanding that he pleaded "the word of the Lord" to the contrary. "He said unto him, I am a prophet also as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread and drink water. But he lied unto him." Certainly the force of a miracle varies with different persons, and from one age perhaps to another. But the anti-supernaturalists of this age, would probably think much more of a miracle, than would seem to have been felt by an ancient Israelite, who not only believed in the possibility of miracles, but who, also, was himself known as "an old prophet," and who indeed was himself again, just about to be made prophetic. In the book of the Acts of the Apostles, it is to be read, "And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles' hands, the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." But here some one may say, "By the manner in which miracles seem to have been regarded anciently, and sometimes perhaps by those even, who knew best about them, they may not really have been, what I have thought they were." For which the answer is, "Perhaps not: but they are not therefore the less true, nor the less Scriptural, nor the less significant, nor yet the less relia-

ble, as being the spiritual mortar with which are cemented together those human experiences, which constitute the Bible, and which make it be like the visible gateway and gate, which open into glory, and into the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Miracles not as wonderful to-day as they were before the days of science began, — this is what has been sometimes said, and what has been still oftener felt. It is true, that we are not as the Egyptians were, nor yet as the Jews were, scientifically. But neither yet are we as they were, geographically or historically; and yet vitally we are very like them. Be it so, that there is knowledge now about what are called the laws of nature; and that even some of the laws can be indicated, through the use of which some miracles may perhaps have been wrought. What then; does that abolish the meaning of a miracle, as a sign? Or does that properly end our human wonder, as to what a miracle may mean, or as to who may be the primary cause of it? It might as well be supposed that with learning the Greek language, as Plato wrote it, that his wisdom would be found to evaporate. The radicals and inflections of a language are not thought, but only a channel for the expression of thought. And for such a "miracle" as is a "sign," the laws of nature, when they are concerned, are but the channels of will, power and intelligence, combined in an agency which is invisible, and not fleshly, mortal nor human. When a message reaches a person by telegraph, electricity is not the whole explanation of it; for the significance of the message began actually with the person, who from a distance caused the sign, and sent the communication. Science does but make a miracle to be more distinctly "a sign."

It is pleaded as an axiom by some theologians, "If we can prove the miracles, we have proved Christianity." What a sense of pertinency these theologians must have; and what a sense, too, of moral fitness! For almost they might as well say, "Learn well the multiplication table, and you will certainly feel the genius of Raphael." Before any one can prove the truth of Christianity by the miracles of the Scriptures, he

must be able to show the spiritual philosophy of miracles, and thereby be able to make people discern, for themselves, the possibility and probability of miracles having really happened. But this is a thing, which is never thought of by the man, who thinks that he can create a belief in Christianity, by an historical argument as to miracles. "The Bible is the word of God, and the miracles in it are the seals of the Almighty; and I can show that always those miracles have been believed; and if we believe them, then we are Christians." A very simple argument this is, certainly; but somehow, the end of it, even when it is best managed, is acquiesence, simply, and not conviction, and of course, not fervent conviction. As indeed how should it be? For actually the argument, as it is usually conducted, presupposes a state of mind, unfortunately not unlike that of the Israelites under Moses. Says Lightfoot in his Horæ Hebraicæ et Talmudicæ, "They went under four or five miracles: as the appearing of the cloud of glory, the raining of manna, the flowing of the rock, or the waters at Horeb, the continual newness of their clothes, and the untiredness of their feet. Yet did they forget and were continually repining against him, that did all these wonders for them."

There is a curious narrative connected with the Jews while in the desert, which shows that miracles may be profoundly believed by some persons, and yet to no good purpose; because of their state of mind, being itself akin to idolatry, as being blind and sensual. For the sins of the people, there was amongst them a plague of fiery serpents. But afterwards, "The Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live." This was a miracle, which was of a kind, by which there was likely to be a deep and permanent impression made. And so in the Second Book of Kings, at a date which would seem to be seven hundred years later than that miracle in the desert, it is to be read that King Hezekiah "removed the high places, and brake the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made; for unto

those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it. And he called it Nehushtan," that is, a piece of brass. And at the present day, there are persons, high and low in intelligenc e and some of whom would look grandly, if arrayed in their worldly circumstances, who inwardly are of that old Jewish company in the desert, and who, but for the spirit of the time, could almost more easily worship a "sign" rather than God, who reveals himself through it.

It has been said, rather arrogantly, that with the growth of intellect, miracles will cease to interest men. What, then, with the growth of intellect, will men be curious about? For oysters, intellectually, will not serve for ever, nor monads, nor yet gorillas. And it would seem indeed, as though miracles might serve men, as subjects for inquiry, and as suggestions for speculation, even after the earth shall have yielded up every one of its hidden secrets.

With the growth of intellect, some men have fancied that the basis of morals, and also the sanction, is simply utility. And it has happened even that "the world by wisdom knew not God." At present, of that world, to which men are related by bodily organization, the curiosities and laws draw an interest disproportionately great, in comparison with what is felt, as to those laws and wonders, which are connected with man as "a living soul." This however, is only by an accident of the moment, and because of the weakness of the human intellect; which though it be only of yesterday, is yet confronted simultaneously with the necessities of the passing hour, and with problems akin to the infinite and eternal. There may have been times, when miracles were senselessly magnified; and it would seem as though there might also be a time, when they may be as absurdly neglected.

But yet miracles, and even of the far distant past, will interest man, as long as he is a creature of aspiration and hope, because of their being evidences of a spiritual world, and proofs also, that man spiritually is enriched with receptiveness against "when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord," whether in this world, or the next. For indeed there is not a miracle, but is an argument as to

our human nature, for what it is in its faculties, and what its connections must be with a world invisible, of angels and agencies, which it is a glory to think of.

Miracles effete as to meaning — what a strange notion! For that, they never can be, while men can wonder and reverence, and believe in the certainty of what must transcend their own pettiness, and dust, and ignorance.

Miracles effete as to meaning! That they never can become, while men are human, mortals who have not yet become immortal, and clear of the fleshly veil, which separates between us newly created spirits, and that world eternal, immortal, invisible, for which we are predestined, but which yet "flesh and blood cannot inherit."

Miracles effete as to meaning! That they can never be; while men can have their thoughts started afresh, from time to time, as to who they themselves may be, or what, relatively, their place in the universe, may be, under that Supremacy of Power, which is called God, and as among "all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible, and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers."

Miracles effete as to meaning! That can never be, while the human soul is in its inmost self, prophetic, and capable at times of being "taught of God," and of showing graces, which have been quickened from above.

Miracles effete as to meaning! That can never be, while a man can be a wonder to himself; for by the mysteriousness of his own nature, when he feels it, a man knows that the surrounding universe must certainly be alive with laws and marvels, against the astounding effects of which, his soul is saved, only by the creative arrangements of God, who lets his universe "not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ."

Miracles may cease to interest men, as prodigious tales, of distant ages, and remote places; or as occurrences, of which there can nothing be made. But "miracles," as "signs," will be significant as long as human nature lasts; which means, so long as men are mortal, and have their daily walk bordered by

a world immortal, whence effects are possible, or can even possibly be imagined, as to influence or intervention.

For, according to the Scriptures, all human beings are more or less susceptible of the miraculous, or of being acted upon, otherwise than through their bodily senses ; or, more exactly still, of being influenced from the spiritual world.

It is true, that we live by laws, some of which probably are unknown, and others of which are named respectively as being chemical, dynamic, electric, odic, and vital : but, at the best, this all is but a scientific and incomplete statement of what St. Paul credited even the heathen for knowing as to God, when he said, that, " In him we live, and move, and have our being."

Living and moving in God, and as his offspring ! Then the realm of nature does not bound the circumference of our susceptibilities, even at this present time, probably. And then certainly, also, there must be latent in us the germs of new beginnings, which may start with us, as to effects, in one world after another, on our eternal progress ; and as to which, for opening and delight, he may well be trusted, to whom we belong, and who is " from everlasting to everlasting."

And now, finally, a " miracle " being a " sign," what is a sign ? It may have at the time of its giving, an individual and momentary pertinency ; but it has also for everybody, who knows of it, a personal and eternal meaning. In the sense of " miracle," a " sign " is a sign made for mortals, from the world immortal ; and is also a proof that the soul of man is in some kind of affinity with wonder-working powers, which are active outside of that realm of nature, with which we are familiar by our bodily senses or common experience.

When read of in a thoughtless way, miracles in the distance may be but mere marvels ; but really when they are " signs " they are signs which have been made for men from the spiritual world ; and they are illustrations of the laws of that world, which we mortals belong to spiritually ; and they are evidences of the interest, which is felt there, about us spirits in the flesh. Miracles considered as signs, are flashes of light

by which we all of us, may discern the grandeur and also the peril of our earthly walk.

It was argued by St. Peter, that prophecy in the Scriptures, had never been merely for individuals, because of its having been a movement by the Holy Ghost, and therefore from "God over all." And like his argument, is what St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians, as to even the distant miracles of the age of Moses: "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come."

"DESIRE nothing too much. If you are going to the public baths, and are annoyed or hindered by the rudeness, the pushing, the abuse, the thievish propensities, of others, do not lose your temper: remind yourself that it is more important that you should keep your will in harmony with nature than that you should bathe. And so with all troubles: men suffer far less from the things themselves than from the opinions they have of them."

"IF you cannot frame your circumstances in accordance with your wishes, frame your will into harmony with your circumstances. When you lose the best gifts of life, consider them as not lost, but only resigned to Him who gave them. You have a remedy in your own heart against all trials, — continence as a bulwark against passion, patience against opposition, fortitude against pain."

"SYMPATHIZE with others, at least externally, when they are in sorrow and misfortune; but remember in your own heart that to the brave and wise and true there is really no such thing as misfortune: it is but an ugly semblance. The croak of the raven can portend no harm to such a man: he is elevated above its power."

"IN the morning, when thou risest unwillingly, let these thoughts be present, — "I am rising to the work of a human being. Why, then, am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist, and for which I was brought into the world?"

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.

THE songs of the poet have all been sung,
But the song of the bluebird is fresh and free,
As if the skies had never rung,
Till now, with its matchless harmony.

The songs of the poet are born of pain;
Their sweetness hints at a void below:
The song of the blue-bird floats over the plain,
Untouched by an accent of human woe.

I hear it rise on the pleasant air,—
A bubbling, exquisite, infinite spring:
The good All-Father inflicts no care
To be upborne on a bluebird's wing.

Deep in the poet's tender soul
Lies the power of a spell more rare;
But he may not blend in a perfect whole
The tones which follow him everywhere.

Trill away on yon budding tree,
Soul of a bluebird! your bliss reveal:
One day a voice may be given me,
And a joy unshadowed to speak and feel.

"IF thou findest in human life anything better than justice, truth, temperance, fortitude, and, in a word, than thine own soul's satisfaction in the things which it enables thee to do according to right reason, and in the condition that is assigned to thee without thy own choice; if, I say, thou seest anything better than this, turn to it with all thy soul, and enjoy that which thou hast found to be the best. But, if thou findest everything else smaller and of less value than this, give place to nothing else. Simply and freely choose the better, and hold to it." MARCUS AURELIUS.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

We select the following article from "The Advance," as an illustration of the prevailing tendency to restate Christian doctrine, even as held by the so-called Orthodox: —

"THE INSPIRED.

"Who are and have been inspired? The answer depends upon the wider or narrower meaning given to the word 'inspired.' Theologians confine it to those who were used by the Holy Spirit to communicate infallible truth in the Scriptures; and they are sometimes disposed to claim a monopoly of the word, and to make it ecclesiastically criminal to talk of any other kind or degree of religious inspiration. Infidels seize upon this limitation of a word in itself broad, and protest, not without plausible argument, against this setting up of men, who lived two and three thousand years ago, as alone having had divine enlightenment. Enthusiastic religionists too, who have had their dreams and impulses, and would fain gain for them a divine authority, re-echo this protest in the name of faith. Moreover, grave minds not thus affected, either with skepticism or superstition, feel the chill of utter separation from those grand religious leaders, the prophets and apostles of other days, and would fain believe that God has not altogether substituted the outward Bible, as an inspired volume, for the inward contact of his own Spirit with the human soul.

"It would seem wise, therefore, not to undertake to limit the meaning of a word, which has always had a broad and varied use, to a narrow and technical signification. Better is it to discriminate between its applications, and to tell, in each case in which we speak of inspiration, what we would imply as to its source, its design, and its actual results. And for this we have the warrant of Scriptural usage, so far as our English version is concerned; and it is with the use of an English word that we have now to do. The word 'inspire'

does not occur at all in our Bible, and the word 'inspiration' is found but twice. Once it has the narrow or modern technical meaning, — when we read Paul's declaration in 2 Tim. iii. 16, that 'all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.' Once it had the free idea, when it is said of Elihu, in Job, xxxii. 8, that 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.' In the first instance, reference is had to the inspiration needed for the specific work of writing the Old Testament as a guide to religious truth and duty. In the second instance, allusion is made to the human mind as originally inbreathed of God, and also as providentially prepared and impelled to utter itself on fit occasions.

"Now, it may easily be true, that the Holy Spirit has used only certain men in certain ages to do the particular work of Bible-making; since there needs to be but one Bible for all time succeeding the introduction of the Christian or final dispensation. But this in no wise hinders that the same Holy Spirit shall dwell in all saints now, as a genuine inspiration for quite other purposes. It is indeed a truth of Scripture constantly urged, that the Holy Spirit is the life of every holy soul, and the ever-present director of this entire dispensation; that he is therefore the regenerator, illuminator, and comforter of individual saints, and a true inspirer of prayers, hymns, plans, and words of spiritual power, while he pours waves of thought and feeling through the Church at large, which impel it to appropriate deeds of Christian enterprise. We are not then cut off in this respect from sympathetic connection with prophets and apostles, but even surpass those who were only used as writers of canonical books. Who can doubt that the humblest saint, in whom is an inspiration of the Comforter for purposes of sanctification, is far more privileged than the prophet Balaam, with all the predictive revelations made to him by the Holy Spirit? We abide with the Church of all ages in the unity of the Spirit, prepared and used by him in our time, as they were in their time, for the varied work now needed. We live in an atmosphere of divine influences; and now, as of older days, he is the man of power, with tongue or pen, who yields up his soul to the inspiration of the Holy

Ghost. 'Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God who worketh all in all.'"

—We earnestly wish that Mr. Charles Brooks had incorporated into his admirable plea for Free National Schools a call for a better system of education, after the plan suggested by Froude in his St. Andrew's Address, and foreshadowed in the late petition to the school-board of the City of Boston that industrial schools be established. Let all be taught, and just as freely as may be; but let all be taught to *work*, to labor with the hands. We are perishing of false and absurd and disgusting gentility. Double the duty upon kid gloves, especially the smaller sizes. In enumerating the schools of Prussia, Mr. Brooks sets down female working schools, where needlework is taught, and manufacturers' and mechanics' schools. We extract the following upon schools for freedmen:—

"The third reason for establishing a national system of education in the United States is this: We have four million liberated slaves, who should be educated. They ask it at our hands, and the world expects us to do it; because, in the very act of emancipation, there is the sacred promise to *educate*. Slavery has kept the word 'education' out of our national Constitution: now four million starved minds implore its introduction. These colored people are children in knowledge, and we must begin with A B C. They must be educated in the South, where they prefer to live, in warm climates. Their former owners will not take the trouble to educate them, and would generally refuse to pay a local tax for that purpose. Individual generosity, educational societies, and partial taxation, will fail. No system but a national one can meet the great case, or wield the requisite power. The wise benevolence, the omnipresent inspection, and the impartial force of the general government, *can* do the noble Christian work, and do it well. I have no conviction stronger than this, that a national system alone can shower the manna of knowledge equally over the whole land, so that every one can go and gather what he needs.

"The importance of beginning wisely with four million new citizens cannot be overstated. Two million of them are men with strong passions and weak self-control. They must all be treated alike; and this can be done only by a national system, executed paternally but inflexibly by the national government."

— Rev. O. B. Frothingham cannot be persuaded by Dr. J. Freeman Clarke but that there are two religions in the New Testament. There certainly is One very large and grand and absolute Religion, large and grand and absolute even beyond what Mr. Clarke sets forth in his account of it. Mr. Frothingham thinks that Dr. Clarke virtually charges him with a sin "against the spirit of truth," a charge "that touches the moral integrity of the mind." According to Mr. Frothingham, Dr. Clarke is deficient in critical perception.

"He delights in displays of formal logic; he has a passion for laying out systems, dividing and arranging thoughts in an imposing show of order: but the faculty of apprehending vital distinctions he does not possess in anything like due and proportionate measure. His discriminations are all on the surface of the subject. A signal instance of this defect occurs in an article on 'The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel,' printed in the 'Examiner' of January, 1868. The whole piece is a critical curiosity, worthy of preservation as a choice sample in that way. But one portion of it is remarkable for eccentricity of vision. It is a part in which the author imagines a critic comparing different works ascribed to Milton, — 'The Apology for Smectymnuus,' for example, and the 'Paradise Lost,' — and satisfying himself, from internal evidence, that both could not have been the productions of the same man. 'Just as sensible,' says Dr. Clarke, 'and no more, is the critic who declares that the same John could not have produced the Gospel imputed to him, and also the Apocalypse.' An analogy between the first century and the seventeenth! A comparison between a historical and an unhistorical period! A parallel between a man whose story is all before us, and whose public and private life is revealed; and a man

whose life is wholly unknown, and whose experiences are open to almost unlimited conjecture! An inference from certain works whose origin is explained by events, and whose character bears the stamp of the author's well-known disposition, to certain other works which must be judged entirely on their own merits! It is impossible to describe the dissimilarity of the cases in sufficiently strong terms. But Dr. Clarke is so far from suspecting it, that he reckons it a sheer presumption in Tayler, Nicolas, Reville, and others, to lay stress on the internal unlikeness of the two works imputed to John. Another interesting exhibition of the same color blindness is made in the *naive* manner by which, in the same article, Mr. Clarke accounts for those gaps, discrepancies, inconsistencies, and singularities of the fourth Gospel, that bring it so often into collision with the Synoptics. The Gospel was made up of notes taken from the fragmentary talk of a garrulous old man, raking over the embers of his recollection at the instance of his pupils! Could any account of the matter betray a more delightful unconsciousness of the drift of the fourth Gospel; a more child-like insensibility to its literary characteristics; a more blissful absence of suspicion in regard to its artistic construction? The fourth Gospel the composition of an old man with a feeble memory and an incoherent tongue!"

We must say that we are as much inclined as Mr. Frothingham to write the last sentence with an exclamation sign.

Mr. Frothingham does not admire Dr. Clarke's enterprises as a peace-maker among the sects.

"This natural defect in Dr. Clarke has been exaggerated by long practice in the arts of the apologist. For many years he has made theological peace-making a profession. How could the faculty of intellectual discernment improve under such discipline as that? The eclectic is rarely a critic. The theological eclectic cannot be one. His business consists in disarming and nullifying criticism. He makes the annihilation of distinctions a duty. He is not content so long as a contradiction remains unreconciled, a discrepancy unexplained, an inconsistency unaccounted for. To harmonize, and make

unlike things look alike ; to find the same meanings in diverse formulas, and resolve discords by faith, — is his office. A genuine incongruity cannot be admitted. Rather perish all meanings, than have a quarrel between two. Dr. Clarke's remarkable volume on the 'Truths and Errors in Orthodoxy' shows what power is in the harmonizing propensity to make learning and even subtlety serve the purpose of discharging ideas of their significance. The effort to bring two antagonist principles into accord empties them both of their substance. Orthodoxy is not Orthodoxy. Liberalism is not Liberalism. It is quite a mistake to suppose there is any controversy between them."

If Dr. Clarke writes too much as a peace-maker, Mr. Frothingham makes the impression of one over-eager to defend a position. We are at loss to find in the following paragraph much more than stout assertion.

"There too, without further argument, we will leave several other prejudices of like nature, which are sprinkled over these few pages of the 'Examiner;' among the rest, the devout prejudice in favor of the genuineness of the fourth Gospel. Every one acquainted with the history of the canon is aware that exact scholarship played the most obscure part in its formation ; that the testimony of the Asiatic, African, and even the European churches, were it much stronger, would be worth little or nothing ; that the Catholic criterion was usage, and the Protestant criterion was 'faith ;' that prior to this century the historical or literary criterion was hardly applied at all. The pious prejudice holds its ground. Nay, long after it shall come to be granted, as one day it will be, that the ungenuineness of the fourth Gospel is as well established as any point in literary criticism, the prejudice will abide. The spirit of theology and the zeal of faith will keep it sacred till they die."

— The Broad Church (Episcopal) has at last an organ on this side of the water. We wish we had space for the whole article which states the creed of the "Living Church ;" but we must make room for the closing paragraph, giving to the journal, on our part, the heartiest God-speed !

"It is in the work of benevolence that the church to-day must find its chief power. If there be anything the doubting world craves, it is a Christ manifest, not in a strife of creeds, but in the real kingdom of God. We mean not by this a mere 'religion of humanity;' but if a believing Christianity will replace the vague philanthropy of the time, it must do it by a generous recognition of all true social aims. It will have indeed its own wise methods. Parish schools, orphan-homes, free chapels, are a blessing. But these do not reach all the pressing wants of a time like ours. The power of the Latin Church in the best age lay here, that it led the van against feudal tyranny in the cause of popular freedom, of social education; and only when it became an ecclesiastical machine did it lose its might. We pay due honor to its missions and church charities to-day, but it has no sympathy with the noblest movements of society outside its own fixed circle. An imitation of its type, of monastic guilds and sisters in quaint costumes, is not, in our eyes, church work. Nor are we to forget, that we cannot have the supreme, ecclesiastical power, which a Latin Christianity had for good or evil in earlier times. Our 'learned clerks,' our leaders of social action, are not the clergy alone, as the modern town is not built around the Central Cathedral. As society advances, the forces of the Church will be more and more merged in wider influences. Yet Christianity has no less a real, if a less efficient might. We must grapple with the questions the modern world is called to solve, the cause of emancipation for the oppressed classes, of capital and labor, of popular education. If the Church show a blind dread of these, a selfish championship of religious or social abuses, its power is dead. We may find a striking commentary on the influence of our more established orthodoxy, in the fact that our government has just chosen from the Society of Friends the truly apostolic messengers of peace to the Indians of our West. Let the Church follow her Master's policy, who said of some, not among his disciples, 'Forbid them not; for they, who cast out devils in my name, will not lightly speak evil of me.'

RANDOM READINGS.

THURSDAY LECTURE

Was not ordinarily or often thronged during the last years of its long, and it is to be hoped, useful life. The garments of the worshippers did not relieve the sexton from the necessity of dusting the pew cushions. But First Church was full, literally full, when the lecture which we print in this number of the Magazine was preached, somewhere between sixteen and twenty years ago. The elect women who had been wont to obey the summoning bell, and the handful of ministers eager to "effect changes," had not on that day a pew each. Men of letters mingled with the saints, and "sad colors" were at a discount for one day at least. The discourse was intended rather for a clerical audience than for the laity; but the word was found to be edifying by all sorts and conditions of men and women. Some passages in it, printed from a manuscript which has been laid aside since the time of delivery, strikingly correspond with the train of thought in Bushnell's "Uses of Dark Things," a book which saw the light only last year. Compare, for example, the second paragraphs on the second page of the Thursday Sermon with this of the famous Hartford divine. "Taking the world then as a machine contrived for happy sensation, or for mere economic uses, it is plainly a most absurd failure; no machine invented by man was ever kept in use under such failure." E.

HO FOR THE MOUNTAINS!

Ever since we read Silliman's "Journey from Hartford to Quebec" thirty years ago, in which he describes the lovely Lake St. George, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands and the scenery about it, it has glowed in our fancy like "Yarrow Revisited" in the mind of Wordsworth. The region is classic ground, for there was the opening drama of the Revolution. The lake is so lovely, showing the bottom in its transparent waters, that to the Indians it was sacred as the waters of the Galilee are to the Christians; and the three hundred and sixty-five islands are so beautiful, that they said "it took the Great Spirit a whole year to create them, making an

island a day." Not far off is the first land that rose out of the waters, the oldest land on the Western continent, — yes, the oldest on the globe. See Agassiz's little book, "Geological Sketches;" and read it, or take it with you when you go. Sailing up St. George and Champlain, you then plunge west into the Adirondack region, past the grave of John Brown, whose soul is still "marching on." What you will find there, Mr. Murray tells us in his book noticed on another page. We make an extract from the book, for the special benefit of invalids and the lovers of our grandest mountain scenery:

"Another reason why I visit the Adirondacks, and urge others to do so, is because I deem the excursion eminently adapted to restore impaired health. Indeed, it is marvelous what benefit physically is often derived from a trip of a few weeks to these woods. To such as are afflicted with that dire parent of ills, dyspepsia, or have lurking in their system consumptive tendencies, I most earnestly recommend a month's experience among the pines. The air which you there inhale is such as can be found only in high mountainous regions, — pure, rarefied, and bracing. The amount of venison-steak a consumptive will consume after a week's residence in that appetizing atmosphere is a subject of daily and increasing wonder. I have known delicate ladies and fragile school-girls, to whom all food at home was distasteful and eating a pure matter of duty, average a gain of a pound per day for the round trip. This is no exaggeration, as some who will read these lines know. The spruce, hemlock, balsam, and pine, which largely compose this wilderness, yield upon the air, and especially at night, all their curative qualities. Many a night have I laid down upon my bed of balsam-boughs, and been lulled to sleep by the murmur of waters, and the low, sighing melody of the pines, while the air was laden with the mingled perfume of cedar, of balsam, and the water-lily. Not a few, far advanced in that dread disease consumption, have found in this wilderness renewal of life and health. I recall a young man, the son of wealthy parents in New York, who lay dying in that great city, attended as he was by the best skill that money could secure. A friend, calling upon him one day, chanced to speak of the Adirondacks, and that many had found help from a trip to their region. From that moment he pined for the woods. He insisted on what his family called 'his insane idea,' that the mountain air and the aroma of the forest would cure him. It was his daily request and entreaty that he might go. At last his parents consented, the more readily because the physicians assured them that their son's re-

covery was impossible, and his death a mere matter of time. They started with him for the North in search of life. When he arrived at the point where he was to meet his guide, he was too reduced to walk. The guide, seeing his condition, refused to take him into the woods, fearing, as he plainly expressed it, that he would 'die on his hands.' At last another guide was prevailed upon to serve him, not so much for the money, as he afterwards told me, but because he pitied the young man, and felt that 'one so near death as he was should be gratified even in his whims.'

"The boat was half filled with cedar, pine, and balsam-boughs; and the young man, carried in the arms of his guide from the house, was laid at full length upon them. The camp utensils were put at one end, the guide seated himself at the other, and the little boat passed with the living and the dying down the lake, and was lost, to the group watching them, amid the islands to the south. This was in early June. The first week the guide carried the young man on his back over all the portages, lifting him in and out of the boat as he might a child. But the healing properties of the balsam and pine, which were his bed by day and night, began to exert their power. Awake or asleep, he inhaled their fragrance. Their pungent and healing odors penetrated his diseased and irritated lungs. The second day out, his cough was less sharp and painful. At the end of the first week, he could walk by leaning on the paddle. The second week, he needed no support. The third week, the cough ceased entirely. From that time he improved with wonderful rapidity. He 'went in' the first of June, carried in the arms of his guide. The second week of November, he 'came out,' bronzed as an Indian, and as hearty. In five months he had gained sixty-five pounds of flesh; and flesh, too, 'well packed on,' as they say in the woods. Coming out, he carried the boat over all portages, — the very same over which a few months before the guide had carried him, — and pulled as strong an oar as any amateur in the wilderness. His meeting with his family I leave the reader to imagine. The wilderness received him almost a corpse: it returned him to his home and the world as happy and healthy a man as ever bivouacked under its pines."

THE MANUFACTURE OF STONES.

One might think there are stones enough in the world without artificial ones. Yes; but art now makes better stones than nature, and the process is one of the important discoveries of the

last year. See the "Annual of Scientific Discovery," noticed on another page. "The processes of making artificial stones for building and ornamental purposes have been so perfected, that man's work in this direction surpasses that of nature, in that the artificial stones are more indestructible and compact than the natural ones: easily molded to any form, or applied to any surface; applicable in their fitness to walls of wood-work, rendering them uninflammable and water-proof; multiplying correctly and cheaply the master-pieces of the sculptor's art as photography multiplies pictorial representations of objects; and opening a branch of artistical and profitable industry, the extent of which can hardly at present be estimated."

WHETHER UNITARIANS ARE WORSE THAN THE ORTHODOX.

THE Secretary of the American Unitarian Assoctation tries to show that they are not. His leading article in the "Monthly Journal" for May is in reply to a paragraph of ours, "Something Wrong in Denmark." The wrong consisted in having seventy ministers in the vigor of manhood without charge, and without any regular work, and some of them without much work at all. We took the fact from the lips of one of the members of the "Union for Ministerial Work and Help," who had carefully investigated the matter, and deplored the evil. This seventy includes scholars and men of high Christian character and religious zeal. We said it showed something wrong in Denmark. "So it does," says Brother Lowe; "it is bad enough, but the Orthodox are worse off;" and he goes diligently to the tables to prove it. We don't see it, but no matter: concede that we were mistaken thus far; though the figures prove nothing, unless we knew more of what lies behind them. Says Brother Lowe, "We should not think of ourselves worse than we ought to think;" and "There are many whose character is stinted by morbid self-depreciation." Let him be comforted. Unitarianism never will die from self-depreciation of any sort. Its dangers, as we read them, are exactly the other way. It needs a candid criticism and wholesome oxygenization and a thorough searching out and acknowledgment of its weak places and its deepest needs. It has had too much morbid sensitiveness of what the world will think, and what the Orthodox say. We said the trouble in Denmark arose from the cry for smart preachers instead of inspired ones, and want of more thorough organization around the

Head of the Church through whom the inspiration comes. Brother Lowe knows in his heart of hearts that every word of this is true. Why, then, should it not be said? and why should not *he* say it from his commanding position, and wake the churches to a sense of it, as with the tones of a trumpet? Why not speak as Paul did to *his* churches? It is this covering things over, and trying to make a fair show in externals, and compromise with opposite opinions, that will make Unitarianism one thing to-day, and another to-morrow, and nothing the day after; one thing in one locality, and another thing in some other locality, facing east by west, and north by south. Let us forget what other people think of us, speak to the real needs of our churches, and organize, organize around their living Head, careless about numbers, and more about the Divine Life that inspires and moves them; and Unitarianism would soon receive an influx of power against which the gates of hell could never prevail. A while since, a man — one of the choice spirits too — came to us with moist eyes, saying he could not "get preaching," while his family was in want. By and by we heard of their having gone over to another denomination, where he found plenty of work forthwith, and where we presume he is doing yeoman service now. How much hunger had to do in changing his opinions and ecclesiastical relations, we cannot say. But why should not our seventy ministers, without charge or without employ, go out in the name of Christ, sent by our three hundred churches with their prayers and benedictions, and, like the first seventy, return with joy, saying, "Even the devils were subject to us in the name of the Lord Jesus."

If Brother Lowe seeks comparisons with the Orthodox, why not compare with what is good among them as well? When a minister goes to an Orthodox society, he generally finds a church ready to receive him, rally around him, urge him on, and bear up his hands on the breath of prayer. He finds them organized around *ideas*, albeit not such altogether as we can receive; caring less for persons than for Christ and his kingdom. When a minister goes to a Unitarian society, he is too apt to find only a collection of people waiting passively to be galvanized with the rhetoric of a smart man, so that they can say to outsiders, "Come into these pews, and see what a minister we have got. Was there ever such before?" In one case, the minister sinks and is lost in the cause: in the other, the cause sinks and is lost in the minister. In the one case, the church urges the minister, and bears him along: in the other case, the people stand stock-still, and wait to be "thrilled," and have the

minister drag them after him if he can pull hard enough. We do not say this is always so: we say it is often so.

It is such a state of things which gives us ministers without parishes, and parishes without ministers; and Brother Lowe, instead of blaming us for telling the truth, ought, we think, to speak to this condition of things as Paul did to his Corinthians, — "Are ye not carnal?" or as John did to his Laodiceans, — "I would ye were cold or hot." What if it does give "serious anxiety" to somebody? The more, the better, till we come upon a higher plane of religious life. The opportunities of Unitarianism are very great, for it is clear of false traditions. The greater our shame if we let them slip. The question we ought to ask, is, where lie our weakness and hinderances, and remove them if possible; not whether others may not be doing worse than we, but whether we are rising to the level of the occasion to which the Divine Providence is calling us.

"THE UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE."

Our neighbors of "The Universalist" print a *facsimile* copy of the first number of Father Hosea Ballou's paper, "The Universalist Magazine," bearing date July 3, 1819, which they say was the first Universalist periodical published in this country, and the first weekly paper of that faith published in the world. It looks exceedingly familiar, and revives a long train of childhood memories. It came regularly into my father's family, who was a subscriber; and a little effusion from its poet's corner, which we imagine was from the pen of Father Ballou himself, has clung strangely to my memory for forty-five years. It is as follows, as nearly as I can recall it; setting forth the grace of Christian meekness by sweet and beautiful imagery: —

When chill November's frosty breath
Lays vegetation low in death,
The lofty flower of various dye
No more salutes the wondering eye.

Yet in this season I have seen
The lowly violet in green:
I've seen its lovely blossoms glow
Beneath a drifted fleece of snow.

A useful lesson here I learn,
Which many seem not to discern:
Though Meekness courts not vulgar eyes,
It lives when Pride or Folly dies.

O, may I, like this humble flower,
In meekness lie, nor try to tower!
When all vain glory sinks and dies,
Be lovely in my Maker's eyes!

I have another reminiscence waked up by that old "Universalist Magazine." My grandmother was a devout member of the Baptist church, and brought all her Baptist hymn-books into my father's family. I read them over and over. It was my first exercise in hymnology. There was one which burned itself into my memory as with a red-hot iron, and seared my young imagination with spectral horrors. I recall a few of the verses:—

Behold the man three-score and ten
Upon his dying bed:
He's run his race, and got no grace,—
An awful sight indeed.

Poor man! he lies in sore surprise,
And thus he doth complain:
"No grace I've got, and I cannot
Recall my time again.

"In middle-age I did engage
In the affairs of life,
Some wealth to gain, that might sustain
My children and my wife.

"This worldly care did prove a snare,—
The Devil led me on;
And now, alas! this is the care,—
My day of grace is gone.

"My sins are all, both great and small,
Affixed before mine eye,
And I must go to endless woe,
To bear eternally.

"O dreadful hell where I must dwell,
God's vengeance reigneth there:
I yield my breath to cruel death,
In horror and despair."

There was a great deal more of it in the same vein, and it shows very well what was sung in churches fifty years ago. "The Universalist Magazine" came bearing on its small but light wings a very

different and dove-like message. Father Ballou was something of a poet, and in one of the numbers appeared a parody upon the above, very skillfully done, driving away the spectres of fear with its note of faith and joy. It went on in this way: —

Behold the man threescore and ten
Upon his dying bed:
He 's run his race, and found sweet grace
In Christ, our living Head.

Happy he lies! death's no surprise,
And thus he 's heard to say:
"To Christ my Saviour I shall rise,
And live there endless day.

"'T was right that I in time should try
Some honest course of life;
Some means to gain, that might sustain
My children and my wife.

"This worldly care was not a snare, —
My God did lead me on;
And now I find that he is kind,
And grace surrounds his throne.

"My sins are all, both great and small,
Prostrate at Jesus' feet;
And I shall rise above the skies,
With perfect saints to meet.

"O glorious heaven where I shall dwell,
God's mercy reigneth there:
Soon I shall go from sin and woe,
To regions ever fair."

VERY SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.

"THE NATION" puts to rest, by the shortest possible logic, the fear that the United States will be Catholicized through immigration. It quotes the last Report of the New-York Commissioners of Emigration, from which it appears that the emigration from Catholic countries, all told, including Ireland, whence most of such emigration comes, numbered, last year, 52,000. From Protestant countries, including England, Scotland, the Scandinavian States, Holland, and

Wales, the immigrants numbered 54,000. Add to these, immigrants from Germany, which equal in number nearly both the other classes, 101,989. What religions these last represent, does not appear, but they are mostly and intensely non-Catholic. The non-Celtic blood flowed in the veins of more than two out of every three of the last year's new-comers; and, what is more, the Irish immigration since the war has been steadily decreasing, while the immigration from the other sources has been steadily increasing. "That the United States are to become Catholic, is only a question of time," say the Romanists. Yes, but the time is endless, and stretches on into eternity.

CONFUSION OF METAPHOR.

A SENSATION preacher preached lately from the text, "Thy Word is a lamp" (Ps. cxix, 105). His heads were, 1, It is a street lamp; 2, It is a store lamp; 3, It is a house lamp; 4, It is a sepulchral lamp. "Zion's Herald" suggests that an additional head might have been illustrated, viz., It is a gas lamp. The "Herald," we presume, does not mean that the Word is a gas lamp, but the preacher; rather perhaps one of the lights of the church set on brass candlesticks, instead of golden.

ANSWERS TO FATHER HECKER.

FATHER HECKER, in his attack on Protestantism, has waked up a discussion, and challenged an exposure which probably he did not intend. The solid logic against Romanism lies in facts which fortunately the poorest intellect can understand. Dr. Clarke, whose reply is the best we have seen, states them tersely in summing up the bloody persecutions of Romanism. In Spain alone, she burned at the stake, between 1433 and 1808, *thirty-one thousand nine hundred and twelve persons*. "No infidelity in the Catholic Church," says Father Hecker. But why? Because she burns up the infidels as fast as they appear. She is infallible, and makes no mistakes; therefore ought to burn them to-day, if she had the power, to keep her logic good. "But Protestantism has persecuted too." Yes; but she was following the recent bloody instructions of her mother, and she acknowledges her mistake, and disclaims infallibility. History opens the long record against Romanism. Why will not some one get out a fresh and cheap edition of the history of the Waldenses and Albigenses, which alone would answer a legion of Father Heckers,

taking for a motto on the titlepage, Milton's lines on "The Massacre in Piedmont," —

> Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.
> Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
> Forget not: in thy book record their groans
> Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
> Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
> Mother and infant down the rocks. Their moans
> The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
> To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
> O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
> The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
> A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,
> Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

THE SWEATERS' DENS.

SUCH was the phrase used a while since to describe the crowded rooms of the needle-women in New York, who stitch on starvation prices, and are pushed to the horrible alternatives of ruin either of body or soul. The testimony before the convention of working women of Boston would show that the sweaters' dens are not confined to New York. The facts attested are harrowing in the extreme to any sentiments of humanity. Thus, — as reported in the "Commonwealth," —

"Mrs. Phelps said the question has been asked how many women in Boston are working at twenty or twenty-five cents a day. I believe I may honestly say there are eight thousand such. The Needlewomen's Society have been making inquiries on the subject, and have taken manufacturers' figures, which are always favorable to themselves. Girls are employed on Federal, Washington, and other streets, in numbers of forty, fifty, and sixty in a shop, at less than three dollars and fifty cents a week. Sewing-machine operators average two dollars and fifty cents a week in those shops. Four or five girls live together in a garret, bedding, clothing, food, all of the poorest. As for warm underclothing, which women so much need, they do not have it. And then often work is slack; and the poor creatures have to go and beg, or worse. These things are no stretch of fiction. I wish to God they were. You may see them in those shops seated in long rows, crowded together in a hot, close atmos-

phere, working on piecework, thirty, forty, sixty, or one hundred girls crowded together, working at twenty and twenty-five cents a day. There are a great many such shops in the city. Shops which pay good prices are the exception. I do candidly believe, from what I have seen, going from shop to shop when obliged to do so, that five thousand or six thousand women, to say the least, are dependent upon these starvation prices for clothing, food, and shelter."

A good deal of indignation is expressed against the employers who make fortunes out of the blood and sinews of these poor girls, and the Legislature is asked to do something to mitigate the evil. Something may and ought to be done, though we doubt whether legislation can do much. When shall we learn that the price of labor, just as much as that of sugar and coffee, is regulated by an inexorable law of demand and supply, — a law which legislatures can no more repeal than they can repeal the law of gravitation? If girls *will* crowd by the hundred into sweaters' dens, they must work at starvation prices, and there is no help for it. All this while there are thousands of homes in eastern Massachusetts where "help" is paid three dollars a week *and board*, equal to six dollars a week, — more than is paid to the teachers of the common schools, — a remuneration which enables the girls to clothe themselves well, and lay up little fortunes in the savings-banks. Those starving girls could reclaim, at any time, this whole field of healthful labor, save themselves, and bring comfort into thousands of families. What is the difficulty? Only this: it is not "respectable" to do housework. To this there are two very obvious answers. First, it will become respectable, as it used to be, the day when the one hundred thousand working-women of Boston reclaim this field for themselves and sister-workers, and they will make it vastly more honorable than this starvation work in sweaters' dens. Secondly, if they resent as dishonorable an invitation to housework, three-fourths of the wives, mothers, and daughters of New England have an equal right to resent the imputation upon themselves; for we take it that in three-fourths of our New-England homes this province of work has never passed out of the hands of good New-England women, as it was in the hands of our mothers and grandmothers a generation since. An influx of foreigners has, in some localities, driven New-England girls into factories and shops. They can reclaim the whole field if they choose to do it.

It may be very hard-hearted in employers to pay only four cents for making a shirt, even as it is for flour-dealers to ask sixteen

dollars a barrel for flour, and make fortunes by it, while poor families are starving; or for coal-dealers to sell coal at fourteen dollars a ton, while the poor are freezing; or for parishes to ask ministers to preach for half a living. But such things will be until human nature changes. Meanwhile the girls can leave the shops; and, when the supply becomes scant, the demand will increase, and the prices will go up as surely as the mercury goes up in July.

IN-DOORS AND OUT-DOORS.

THE bane of the needle-women is in-door work, where the air is breathed over and over after nearly all the oxygen has been sucked out of it. Their "sphere" should be enlarged till it becomes the great globe itself on which the air lies forty-five miles deep. It need not involve the hard drudgery such as in Germany yokes woman with the brutes, but the lighter work among fruits and flowers, sometimes a great deal more profitable than work in the crowded shops. There is an old book which describes the virtuous woman, "whose price is far above rubies." It would seem that she worked considerably out-doors. We have known some in our day who planted vineyards, picked the fruit, and sold it, and thrived a great deal better than by stitching shirts, in bad air, at four cents apiece.

"She is like the merchant-ships: she bringeth food from afar.

"She considereth a field, and buyeth it: *with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.*

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

FAILURE OF THE CHILDREN.

IN many of the rural districts in Massachusetts, it appears that the schools, once full, are on the wane, dwindling down sometimes

to almost nothing. The causes are matter for very serious inquiry. Some districts that once numbered sixty or seventy scholars now number twelve, fifteen, and twenty. Very small schools, it is said, are more likely to be backward for want of emulation. However, one is reported as having only one scholar, and he is invariably at the head of his class!

BEECHERISMS.

If absence of mind is an hereditary trait, the stories told of Rev. H. W. Beecher's lapses of memory are very credible and easy of solution. A correspondent of the "Chicago Advance" has been amusing the readers of that paper with some characteristic anecdotes of Dr. Lyman Beecher, while a resident of Boston.

"The ladies of Hanover-Street Church made up a purse of one hundred dollars, and handed it to the doctor, telling him it was for the purpose of furnishing his parlor. But waiting brought no furniture. The ladies ventured to inform Mrs. Beecher of what they had done. In her mortification and surprise, she called her husband to account for his conduct and his money. *He* knew nothing about the parlor or the money! The new-comers were now in a worse dilemma than before. The money could not be found; but a careful investigation, by friendly detectives who worked up the case, ascertained that the doctor had attended a public meeting in aid of Bissell, of Rochester, N. Y., who was sustaining a "six-day line" of coaches, in opposition to those which ran upon the Sabbath. At that meeting a collection was taken up in behalf of the cause, and Dr. Beecher, nervously hunting for a dime or a dollar, like one who felt he was "hard up," found to his astonishment a bank bill in his vest pocket, which went, uncounted, into the passing box! The mystery was solved, and his people learned two important facts: First, that Dr. Beecher was very poor; and, second, that it would not do to trust *him* with loose money. A new subscription for the parlor furniture was raised, (and a hundred dollars made a show for a poor minister's house forty years ago,) but the ladies took good care to expend it all themselves.

"But what cared Dr. Beecher for all this? His head and heart were deeply and intensely immersed in the affairs of Zion. He was stirring the fires and piling on the wood upon the altar of sacrifice! He was blowing the trumpet and gathering the forces for a mighty battle. Home! he loved it well; and wife and children were the

impulse of his heart and the power of his arm — next to the love of Jesus. But where his home was, or when he was there, he hardly knew at times, so completely absorbed was he in the work which he had undertaken. A fact will illustrate: On going home from church after service in the evening, he went into a neighbor's house. It was quite like his own, and he did not discover his mistake even when he entered the parlor where sat the ladies. It was the house and family of Mr. Rhodes, a well-to-do merchant, and, by the way, a decided Unitarian. Drawing up a chair and seating himself by the fire, with his feet upon the top of the grate and his head thrown upon the back of the chair, he soon noticed a French clock upon the mantel. Strange that he should notice it. Stranger still, perhaps, that he had not seen it before. 'Wife, wife,' said he, without looking around, 'where *did* you get that clock?' No answer; the ladies knew him well, and were choking with repressed laughter. 'Wife, I say, where did you get *that clock?*' Mrs. Rhodes gently put her hand upon his shoulder to gain his attention, and said, 'Doctor, I presume you are not aware that this is not your home.' 'Not my home! Where am I?' he uttered, half amazed. 'You are in Mr. Rhodes's house!' With a look of bewilderment, but without uttering a word, or even a note of exclamation, he rushed out through the hall into the street to look for his own house, as only Dr. Lyman Beecher could do it."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1868.

Gould & Lincoln publish this important Annual, edited by SAMUEL KNEELAND, A M., M D. A portrait of Professor William B. Rogers fronts the titlepage, the eminent Geologist and President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The editor gives an introduction which contains a succinct account of discovery in the useful arts during the year 1867. The book is compact with facts of great interest both to scientific and practical men, detailing the most recent discoveries in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, geography and antiquities. No reader can afford to be without it who wishes to keep well informed respecting the adaptations of the physical world to the comfort of man and the alleviation of the burdens of labor. The progress of discovery and the application of science to

the useful and mechanic arts, are indicated by the fact that, in 1824, the locomotive traveled at the rate of six miles an hour, whereas in 1867 it reached a speed of seventy miles an hour. "This," says Mr. Kneeland, "is an emblem of the present era, abridging labor, facilitating commerce, and, by rapid locomotion, entirely changing the character and conditions of society." The reader will hardly open the book under any department without finding some new fact of especial interest; and, by becoming familiar with the series, he will read the world of matter around him with clearer intelligence. Under chemistry, biology, and antiquities, he will find something which bears more and more upon the domain of theology, and upsets some of its artificial theories. S.

Adventures in the Wilderness. By W. H. H. MURRAY. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

We think the guides and visitors in the Adirondacks must have been amazed to discover what an Orthodox minister could do. Mr. Murray evidently lays aside the cloth when he camps in the wilderness, and behaves very much like the men who pass their lives in that region. The book is a story of camp-life in the regions around the Adirondack mountains, and is extremely amusing and exciting. We cannot see how any one could read the chapter about crossing the Carrie without laughing heartily. The story published in the "Atlantic Monthly," called "A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car," which forms the closing chapter in the book, has, we think, been acknowledged to be purely imaginary; and we are inclined to suspect that not a little fiction has been introduced in some other parts of the volume. A visit to the wilderness is strongly recommended to all, both male and female, who are suffering from overwork, or any of the ills which flesh is heir to. Consumptives and dyspeptics are said to enter this region, and come out, after a time, perfectly cured. The book is not only entertaining, but will prove exceedingly useful, and almost indispensable to those who will visit the Adirondack region; for it tells them all about the best routes, the necessary outfit and expenses, the inns, the guides, and the best time for going and returning. It is pretty certain that the stream of visitors will turn in this direction within one or two years; for not only the restorative power of the mountain ethers among the Adirondacks is unrivaled, but the scenery is among the sublimest in the world. See the Random Readings for Mr. Murray's description of the marvelous medicinal properties. S.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD have been issuing books for children lately, with startling rapidity. We have received from them *Salt Water Dick*, another of "The Helping Hand Series," by MAY MANNERING, which tells of Dick Harvey's adventures on a cruise to the Chincha Islands, Peru, and Brazil, and gives us quite a picture of the people of those countries and their mode of life. *Dotty Dimple at School*, by SOPHIA MAY. Dot-

ty's experience at school is no less entertaining than the previous story about Dotty at play. We are glad to see an intimation that the little folks are to be favored with still more about the young lady by and by. Also, *The Ark*, one of the "Elm Island Stories," by REV. ELIJAH KELLOGG, a narrative of a voyage to Havana. The scene is laid in the times immediately after the Revolution, and the book tells of Yankee enterprise pushing ahead in spite of adverse circumstances, and finally succeeding, as it generally does. These books have been put in the hands of young people of our acquaintance, and their verdict is highly favorable. S.

Oldtown Folks. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

Mrs. Stowe appears again as a book writer, properly so called, and not merely as a serial story teller. "Oldtown Folks" need not be read as a novel. You must not look into it for accurate history of opinion. It is no great matter, for example, that Mrs. Stowe seems hardly to have realized that Dr. Freeman's edition of King's Chapel Liturgy was published in 1785, and that, accordingly, when Lady Lothrop duly drove in her carriage to Boston to occupy, at Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas, her pew in that house of prayer, she found and could have found only the ghost of the Established Church of England, which she so loved. The reader need not imagine that all the kinds of people described in this book were ever together in an actual New England village; but such people did possess this land, and Mrs. Stowe, from the abundance of the means of seeing which she brings with her, can behold them and write of them. It is a book of pictures; a book also eminently stimulating and helpful, rich in the tenderest and sweetest and most religious experience.

E.

Life and Epistles of St Paul. By REV. S. W. CONYBEARE and REV. J. S. HOWSON. Messrs Charles Scribner & Co.

This is the only complete and unabridged edition of a most valuable work, two volumes in one; and it puts it within the reach of those whose purses are not very full. The same house publish "*The Wonders of Heat*," a third volume of the interesting and instructive series, "The Illustrated Library of Wonders." E.

PAMPHLETS.

Several pamphlets of interest have been published. REV. E. J. YOUNG'S *Farewell Sermon*, REV. A. B. MUZZEY'S *Essay on the Value of the Study of Intellectual Philosophy to the Minister*, and REV. CHARLES BROOKS'S *Reasons for the Immediate Establishment of a National System of Education in the United States.*

Manning 41-186

Terms, $5.00 per annum, payable in Advance. Single Numbers, 50 Cents.

THE MONTHLY

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1869.

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST."—*Martin Luther.*

BOSTON:

LEONARD C. BOWLES, PROPRIETOR,

NO. 26 CHAUNCY STREET.

THE

Monthly Religious Magazine,

FOR FAMILIES.

Vol. 41.—*No.* 6. *JUNE*, 1869. *Whole Number*, 306

CONTENTS.

A THURSDAY LECTURE. Delivered at the First Church in Boston. By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD 465
EASTER HYMN 482
BIRDS IN MAY 482
EGYPT. A Leaf from a Traveler's Journal 484
OPTIMISM. C. S. L. 492
MIRACLES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE:— W. M.
What is a Miracle? 500
Miracles as Signs 519
THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG. By CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD 529
SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS. By Rev. R. ELLIS 530
RANDOM READINGS. By Rev. E. H. SEARS:—
Thursday Lecture. E. 537
Ho for the Mountains! 537
The Manufacture of Stones 539
Whether Unitarians are Worse than the Orthodox 540
"The Universalist Magazine" 542
Very Significant Figures 544
Confusion of Metaphor 545
Answers to Father Hecker 545
The Sweaters' Dens 546
In-doors and Out-doors 548
Failure of the Children 548
Beecherisms 549
LITERARY NOTICES:—
Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art 550
Adventures in the Wilderness 551
Salt Water Dick 551
Oldtown Folks 552
Life and Epistles of St. Paul 552
Pamphlets 552

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by LEONARD C. BOWLES, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CROSBY, MORSE, & FOSS,

240 Washington Street,

BOSTON,

Would call attention to their large Assortment of

GORHAM WARE

IN

SOLID SILVER

AND

ELECTRO PLATE.

This Plate is of Superior Quality, both in regard to workmanship and durability.

THE CAMBRIDGE EXTRACT,

FOR TOOTHACHE!!

FOR SALE BY

CARTER & WILEY, 138 Washington Street,

And Druggists generally.

CURES TOOTHACHE!

IT GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF!

STURGIS' ELECTRIC COMPOUND!

An old and tried Remedy for

Rheumatism and Neuralgiac Pain,

For Sprains, Bruises,

Weakness of the Side or Back.

It is considered in many of the most discriminating families in Boston as one of the INDISPENSIBLE ARTICLES OF USE.

In any case where a penetrating, irritant Liniment is required, Sturgis' ELECTRIC COMPOUND will be found of extreme benefit.

FOR SALE BY

CARTER & WILEY, 138 Washington Street,

GENERAL AGENTS,

And by Druggists generally.

NOTICE — *That every bottle and wrapper has upon it Monogram and Fac-Simile of signature, as none are genuine without them.*

Waters' **HAIR** | TRADE MARK. "La Favorita" **PREPARATION.**

REVIVIFIER AND BEAUTIFIER.

Office, 220 1-2 State St. Post-Office Box, 4116.

Geo. W. Waters.

Signature always over Stopple.

STATE ASSAYER'S OFFICE, 20 State Street, Boston.

GEO. W. WATERS, ESQ., — SIR: I have analyzed "La Favorita Hair Invigorator," and find that it is composed of valuable and costly medicinal ingredients. It does not contain either Sulphur, Lead, Silver, or other injurious substances.

I regard it as a perfectly safe preparation, a good detergent, and an excellent dressing for the hair.

(Signed) S. DANA HAYES,

30th April, 1868. State Assayer, Massachusetts.

This Combination is free from Sugar of Lead, Nitrate of Silver, and Sulphur.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by GEO. W. WATERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

"La Favorita Hair Invigorator," an elegant article for the toilet, has no superior for causing the growth of the hair, preventing its falling off, keeping the scalp free from dandruff, or for a dressing simply. And best of all is, this excellent preparation contains nothing injurious, as will be seen by Dr. Hayes', State Chemist, certificate, accompanying each bottle.

For sale by M. S. Burr & Co., No. 26 Tremont Street, Carter & Wiley, No. 138 Washington Street, and the Proprietor, 220 1-2 State Street, Boston.

PARLOR FURNITURE.

PARLOR SUITS.

COVERED IN

English Hair Cloth, Plush, Terry, Reps, and French Lasting,

The largest assortment of Upholstered Parlor Furniture to be found in Boston.

MANUFACTURED BY

BRAMAN, SHAW, & CO.

SALESROOM, 27 SUDBURY ST.,

OVER SUFFOLK MARKET.

SOLID BLACK WALNUT

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SETS.

BEAL & HOOPER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SUPERIOR

Cabinet Furniture,

3 & 4 HOLMES' BLOCK,

HAYMARKET SQUARE, ... BOSTON.

THE VERY LOW PRICES

At which we offer our goods make it for the INTEREST OF ALL who contemplate purchasing to

EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

ALEXANDER BEAL. GEORGE K. HOOPER.

NEW CLOTHING STORE.

Our endeavor has always been to merit the patronage which has for many years been so liberally extended to us in our business of

MERCHANT TAILORS AND CLOTHIERS,

for which the public have our best thanks, with the assurance that on our part nothing will be left undone to insure a continuance of confidence and favor in the future. If we have had a regret in the past, it has been that we have lacked one thing needful, — suitable premises, where we could extend our business and become permanently located. At length, we believe, our aim is achieved, and that our LAST removal will prove advantageous as well to our patrons as to ourselves. Our

New Store, No. 30 Washington Street,

near State Street, — a time-honored clothing stand, — having been built expressly for our business, is all we could desire. It is commodious, high studded, and, what is most essential, has excellent lights in every department. And now all things are ready,

COME AND BE CLOTHED.

L. D. BOISE & CO.,

No. 30 Washington Street.

NEW SPRING CARPETS.

We are now daily receiving our

SPRING STOCK OF THE VERY LATEST DESIGNS IN

WILTON, BRUSSELS, VELVET, TAPESTRY,

INGRAIN AND OILCLOTH

CARPETINGS,

MATS, RUGS, &c., all of which are offered at the Very Lowest Prices. Wholesale and Retail.

A full Assortment of those White and Colored

CANTON MATTINGS,

Special attention given to furnishing CHURCHES and PUBLIC HALLS by contract, at Wholesale Prices.

GOLDTHWAIT, SNOW & KNIGHT.

No. 33 Washington Street, . . . Boston.

CARPET WAREHOUSE,



SWEETSER & ABBOTT,

Successors to BALLARD & PRINCE.

NO. 15 TEMPLE PLACE,

J. SWEETSER. BOSTON. G. ABBOTT.

B. T. STEPHENSON,

234 & 236 WASHINGTON STREET.



RICH DRESS GOODS,

LYONS BLACK SILKS & VELVETS,

FANCY SILKS,

KID GLOVES,

Domestic & Housekeeping Goods,

SHAWLS & CLOAKS.

Particular attention paid to the making of Garments, Walking Suits, and Dresses.

234 & 236 Washington Street.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SILENT  FEED

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES

Are the most Simple, Practical, and Economical Sewing Machines in the World. They Execute more rapidly, and with LESS NOISE, than any other Machine in use.

HIGHEST PREMIUM
AT THE
PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

Competent Judges, who have used the different Machines, recommend the WHEELER & WILSON'S as the most reliable, because they are the most

Simple and Durable Machine,

Consequently Not Liable to Get out of Order,

Because they sew every variety of material, from the coarsest to the very finest Fabrics. They Hem, Fell, Braid, Cord, Gather, Stitch, Bind and Ruffle. In fact, for every kind of Practical Sewing, WHEELER & WILSON'S IS THE ONE IN USE.

NEW ENGLAND OFFICE, 228 Washington Street.
H. C. HAYDEN, Agent.

ÆTNA SEWING MACHINE.

COMBINES

THE

EXCELLENCIES

OF ALL

First Class

MACHINES

Yet invented, with a number of

NEW AND VALUABLE

Improvements

Not found in any other.



It forms the

"Lock-Stitch,"

AND IN POINT OF

DURABILITY

HAS NO EQUAL,

It being so constructed that all parts liable to wear can be

EASILY ADJUSTED

By the operator, and made as good as new.

SIMPLICITY, BEAUTY, UTILITY, AND DURABILITY COMBINED.

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE EASTERN STATES,

818 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

H. S. WILLIAMS, Agent.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.



We offer this Machine to the public, as the result of years of careful labor to improve the Sewing Machine for POPULAR USE, and render it easy of management by persons of ordinary ability. NEW and eminently USEFUL features have been added, together with facilities for executing various kinds of work, NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED. The success of the undertaking is demonstrated both by the growing business of the Company, and the rapidly increasing popularity of the FLORENCE with the people.

An examination of the Machine will convince the most incredulous, that too much has not been said in its favor, and that it is the most

COMPLETE AND PRACTICAL MACHINE

made. Besides being the handsomest, it will compare favorably with any in price. These machines can be seen in full operation, during business hours, at our Salesrooms in

NEW YORK AND BOSTON,

and circulars and samples of work will be furnished by mail or otherwise, when requested.

FOSTER & RICHARDSON,

General Agents For New England, New York and New Jersey.

505 Broadway, New York.

141 Washington Street, Boston.

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

SEWING MACHINES,

Are Surpassed by None,

IN PERFORMING ANY KIND OF

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL SEWING,

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

34, (late 18,) SUMMER STREET,

BOSTON.

Branches in all the Principal Cities.

HEAVEN.

A Book for all who desire to know about the Heavenly Home.

THE BETTER LAND,

OR

The Believer's Journey, and Future Home.

By Rev. A. C. Thompson, D. D. 12mo. Cloth. $1.25.

CONTENTS.

The Pilgrimage.—Clusters of Eschol.—Waymarks of the Land.—The Passage.—Recognitions of Friends.—The Heavenly Banquet.—Children in Heaven.—Society of Angels.—Society of the Saviour.—No Fears in Heaven.—Holiness of Heaven.—Activity in Heaven.—Resurrection Body.—Perpetuity of Bliss in Heaven.

☞A charming book, and all who wish to have *sound Scriptural views* on the subject of Heaven, should read this volume. Sent by mail postage paid, on receipt of the price, $1.25.

ALSO, BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

LYRA CELESTES.

HYMNS ON HEAVEN, ... 12mo. Cloth, $1,75.

No one can read these Hymns without being drawn nearer to the Heavenly Home. It is a choice selection of Hymns, not accessible to the majority of readers; not merely serious verse, but poetry, pure, and beautifully advocating the genuine spirit of devotion.

THE MERCY SEAT,

OR

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

12mo. $1.50.

This is a thorough, able and devout Treatise on the subject of prayer. It is easy and pleasing in style, and breathing throughout an earnest and devout spirit.

SEEDS AND SHEAVES,

OR

Words of Scripture, their History and Fruits.

12mo. Cloth, $1.75.

The object of this volume is to give illustrations of the use which God has made of particular passages of Scripture to the comfort of believers, or in the conversion of Sinners. Dr T. has a genius for this kind of work, and "Seeds and Sheaves," is worthy of being made a *household treasure*. It is a delightful book, full of seed which if planted in the mind of the reader, will be sure to grow.

GATHERED LILIES,

OR

LITTLE CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

18mo. Cloth, 40 cents.

Bereaved Parents will find in this volume much to comfort them in the hour of sorrow.

These valuable works by Dr. Thompson, should be in every Christian Family.

Copies sent by mail, POSTAGE PAID, on Receipt of the price.

PUBLISHED BY

GOULD & LINCOLN,

59 Washington Street, Boston.



FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT.

THE PERFECT SHIRT.

Blue Letter quality, - - $2.

Red Letter quality, - - $3.

Fine Quality, made to order, $3.

Manufactured for and Sold by

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER,

200 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

May, 1869.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE.

THE NEW ENGLAND

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

Office, No. 39 State Street, Boston,

Insures Lives on the Mutual Principle.

Net Accumulation,

$6,000,000.

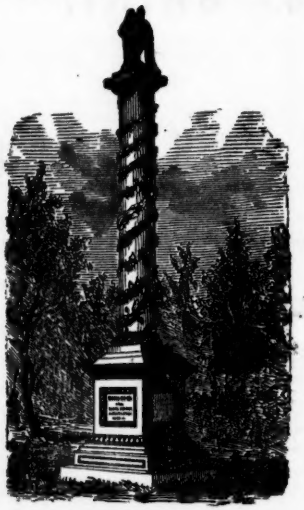
And increasing for the benefit of Members, present and future.

The whole safely and advantageously invested. The business conducted exclusively for the benefit of the persons insured. The greatest risk taken on a life, $20,000. Surplus distributed among the members annually; settled by cash or by addition to policy.

Forms of applications, and pamphlets of the Company and its reports, to be had of its agents, or at the office of the Company, or forwarded by mail, if written for.

BENJ. F. STEVERS, President.
JOSEPH M. GIBBENS, Secretary.

JOSEPH CAREW.



At 500 and 502 Tremont Street.

BOSTON.

Corner Dwight Street.

JOSEPH STONE & CO.,

DEALERS IN

HATS, CAPS,

AND

FURS.

245 Washington Street,

BOSTON.

John M. Whittemore & Co.,

STATIONERS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

No. 114 Washington Street,

BOSTON.

LITHOGRAPHIC

AND

Letter-Press Printing,

RULING AND BINDING

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

EXECUTED PROMPTLY.

MAGAZINES BOUND,

SERMON PAPER ON HAND,

or Ruled to any pattern required.

EDWARD W. PEAR & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

Window Shades,

DRAPERY CURTAINS, &C.,

No. 387 Washington Street,

Corner of Avery Street,

EDWARD W. PEAR.
WILLIAM C. HOLMES. } **Boston.**

Furniture Repaired and Recovered.

BOOTS, SHOES,

AND

GAITERS,

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Of the best quality and most fashionable styles, constantly on hand. Also,

A Full Assortment of

FRENCH

BOOTS & SHOES,

Adapted to the various seasons, made expressly for us in Paris.

CUSTOM WORK,

Made from the Choicest Stock of our own importation. The greatest care exercised in the fitting of all measure work, and a perfect fit is guaranteed to all.

JOHN F. PRAY & SON.

107 Washington Street.

THEO. H. BELL,

IMPORTER,

AND DEALER IN

BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 153 Washington Street,

Opposite Old South Church,

BOSTON.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS, & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

CARPETING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

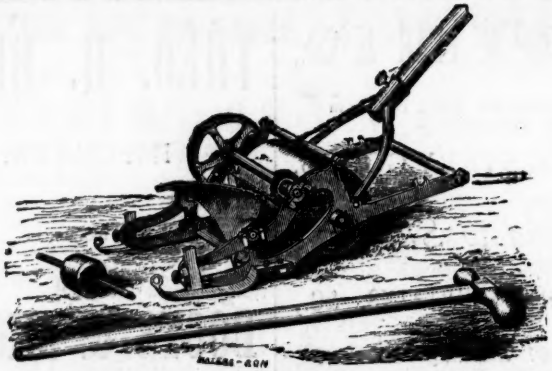
No. 192 Washington Street,

23 Franklin Street,

And 61 & 63 Hawley Street.

BOSTON.

HILL'S PATENT LAWN-MOWER.



The only perfect Lawn-Mower ever invented. Warranted to give Entire Satisfaction.

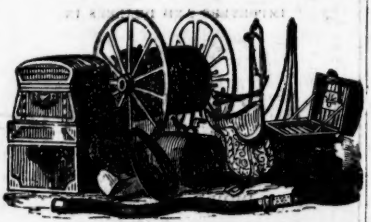
The Lawn-Mower has become indispensable to all owners of lawns who value a fine, close, and evenly-cut turf. The only difficulty in procuring and using a Lawn-Mower heretofore has been the high price, and the great liability to get out of order which has characterized the old-pattern machines. But these objections are entirely obviated by the introduction of Hill's Lawn-Mower. This is a light but strong machine, very easily operated, cutting the grass evenly and with great rapidity, leaving a smooth, close-shaven turf. It does the work with less labor and time, and much more perfectly, than it can be done with Lawn-Scythes; and is not liable to get out of order. Every one who owns a Croquet-Ground should have one. Last season, we sold more than a hundred, notwithstanding it was offered for the first time: the demand was such,—and that, too, without advertising,—that we could not supply our orders.

HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER, Ex-President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, says, "I have great pleasure in recommending HILL'S LAWN MOWER as a very perfect machine. It works admirably. I would not part with it for ten times its cost."

Price $40.00. Send for a Circular. All Orders should be addressed to

JOS. BRECK & SON, General Agents, 51 and 52 North Market Street, Boston.

S. G. CHEEVER,



IMPORTER,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

Engine Hose,	**Fire Buckets,**
Elastic Pipes,	**Fire Caps,**
Harnesses,	**Collars,**
Carpet Bags,	**Whips,**
Saddles,	**Bridles,**
Horse Blankets,	**Fly Nets,**

Machine Belting, all widths and sizes.

House, Store, and Bank Trunks, &c., &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BOSTON, MASS.

MILITARY HORSE EQUIPMENTS TO LET.

GREGORY & ROBINSON,

IMPORTERS,

OFFER A MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

PAPER HANGINGS,

Wholesale or Retail, at

225 Washington Street,

Opposite the head of Franklin Street,

BOSTON.

S. H. GREGORY. C. H. ROBINSON.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S
AMERICAN ORGANS.

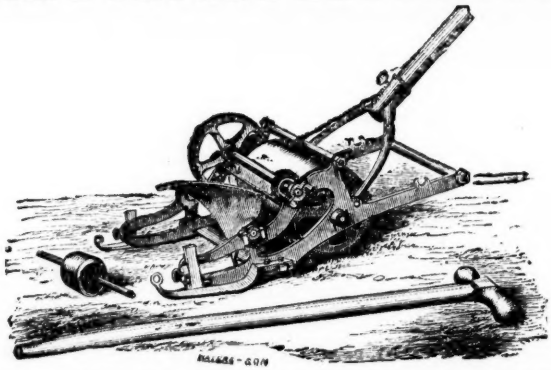


THE STANDARD ORGANS,

For Churches, Chapels, Lodges, Sabbath Schools, Parlors, and the Home Circle. Adapted for Sacred and Secular Music. No Church or Home complete without one. The American Organs contain the *Resonant Air Chamber* (peculiar to these instruments), *Improved Knee Swell, Super Octave Coupler*, Tremolo, and Deep Manual Sub-Bass. Every Organ warranted. Descriptive paper sent free to any address.

New Warerooms and Manufactory, Tremont, opp. Waltham Street, Boston.

HILL'S PATENT LAWN-MOWER.



The only perfect Lawn-Mower ever invented. Warranted to give Entire Satisfaction.

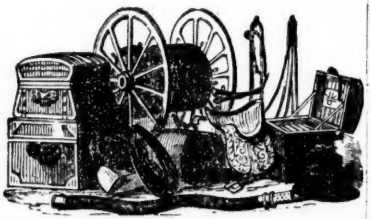
The Lawn-Mower has become indispensable to all owners of lawns who value a fine, close, and evenly-cut turf. The only difficulty in procuring and using a Lawn-Mower heretofore has been the high price, and the great liability to get out of order which has characterized the old-pattern machines. But these objections are entirely obviated by the introduction of Hill's Lawn-Mower. This is a light but strong machine, very easily operated, cutting the grass evenly and with great rapidity, leaving a smooth, close-shaven turf. It does the work with less labor and time, and much more perfectly, than it can be done with Lawn-Scythes; and is not liable to get out of order. Every one who owns a Croquet-Ground should have one. Last season, we sold more than a hundred, notwithstanding it was offered for the first time: the demand was such,—and that, too, without advertising,—that we could not supply our orders.

HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER, Ex-President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, says, "I have great pleasure in recommending HILL'S LAWN MOWER as a very perfect machine. It works admirably. I would not part with it for ten times its cost."

Price $40.00. Send for a Circular. All Orders should be addressed to

JOS. BRECK & SON, General Agents, 51 and 52 North Market Street, Boston.

S. G. CHEEVER,



IMPORTER,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

Engine Hose, **Fire Buckets,**
Elastic Pipes, **Fire Caps,**
Harnesses, **Collars,**
Carpet Bags, **Whips,**
Saddles, **Bridles,**
Horse Blankets, **Fly Nets,**
Machine Belting, all widths and sizes.
House, Store, and Bank Trunks,
&c., &c.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BOSTON, MASS.

MILITARY HORSE EQUIPMENTS TO LET.

GREGORY & ROBINSON,

IMPORTERS,

OFFER A MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

FRENCH AND AMERICAN

PAPER HANGINGS,

Wholesale or Retail, at

225 Washington Street,

Opposite the head of Franklin Street,

BOSTON.

S. H. GREGORY. C. H. ROBINSON.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S
AMERICAN ORGANS.



THE STANDARD ORGANS,

For Churches, Chapels, Lodges, Sabbath Schools, Parlors, and the Home Circle. Adapted for Sacred and Secular Music. No Church or Home complete without one. The American Organs contain the *Resonant Air Chamber* (peculiar to these instruments), *Improved Knee Swell, Super Octave Coupler*, Tremolo, and Deep Manual Sub-Bass. Every Organ warranted. Descriptive paper sent free to any address.

New Warerooms and Manufactory, Tremont, opp. Waltham Street, Boston.

HALLET, DAVIS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

NEW SCALE PIANO-FORTES,

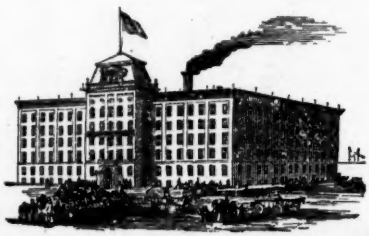


GRAND, PARLOR GRAND, AND SQUARE.

35 PREMIUMS AWARDED.

9 FIRST PREMIUMS FOR BEST GRANDS AND PARLOR GRANDS.

Boston.
New York.
Philadelphia.
Ogdensburg.
Cincinnati, O.
Trenton, N. J.
Newbern, N. C.
Harrisburg, Pa.



Halifax, N. S.
Hartford, Conn.
Worcester, Mass.
Syracuse, N. Y.
York, Pa.
Lowell, Mass.
Sandusky, O.
New Haven, Ct.

Gold Medal Awarded at Last Exhibition in Boston,

AND AT NEW ENGLAND FAIR, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.



EVERY INSTRUMENT WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Second-Hand Pianos Taken in Exchange.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

WAREROOMS:

272 Washington Street,

BOSTON.